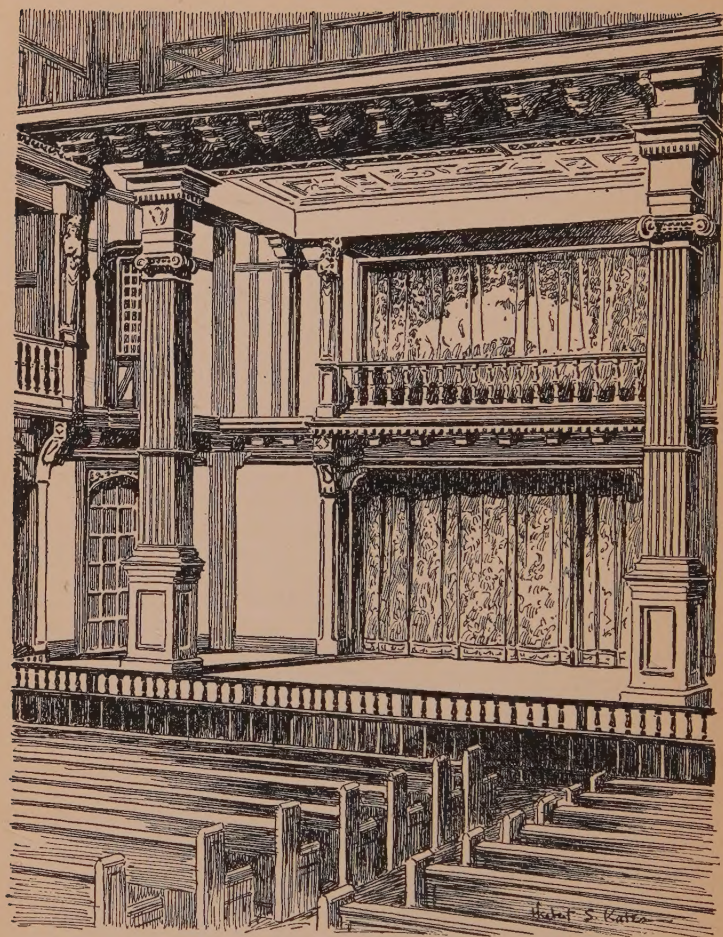


AS YOU LIKE IT



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Shakespeare Theatre, Folger Library, Washington, D. C.
Replica of a typical theatre of Shakespeare's time.

AS YOU LIKE IT

With the Famous Temple Notes

by
William Shakespeare

With Copious Notes and Comments by
Henry Norman Hudson, M.A.
Israel Gollancz, M.A.
C. H. Herford, Litt.D.
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Eminent Shakespearean Authorities

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AS YOU LIKE IT

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

As You Like It was published for the first time in the First Folio; a Quarto edition was contemplated many years previously, but for some cause or other was "staied," and the play is mentioned among others in 1623, when Jaggard and Blount obtained permission to print the First Folio, as "not formerly entered to other men." The text of the play in the four Folios is substantially the same, though the Second Folio corrects a few typographical and other errors in the first edition.

As You Like It was in all probability produced under circumstances necessitating great haste on the part of the author, and many evidences of this rapidity of composition exist in the text of the play, *e. g.* (i) in Act I, sc. ii, line 284, Le Beau makes Celia "*the taller*," which statement seems to contradict Rosalind's description of herself in the next scene (I, iii, 117), "*because that I am more than common tall*": (ii) again, in the first Act the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys is referred to as "Jaques," a name subsequently transferred to another and more important character; wherefore when he appears in the last Act he is styled in the Folio merely "*second brother*": (iii) "*old Frederick, your father*" (I, ii, 87) seems to refer to the banished duke ("*Duke senior*"), for to Rosalind, and not to Celia, the words "*thy father's love*," etc., are assigned in the Folio; either the ascription is incorrect, or "Frederick" is an error for some other name, perhaps for "Ferdinand," as has been suggested; attention should also be called to certain slight inaccuracies, *e. g.* "*Juno's swans*" (*vide* Glos-

sary); finally, the part of Hymen in the last scene of the play is on the whole unsatisfactory, and is possibly by another hand.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

(i) *As You Like It* may safely be assigned to the year 1599, for while the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, it quotes a line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was printed for the first time in that year—five years after the poet's death—and at once became popular.¹ The quotation is introduced by a touching tribute on Shakespeare's part to the most distinguished of his predecessors:—

"Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight."—(III. v. 82, 83.)

¹ Two editions of *Hero and Leander* appeared in 1598. The first edition contained only Marlowe's portion of the poem; the second gave the whole poem, "*Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marlowe and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium.*" The line quoted by Shakespeare occurs in the first sestiad:—

"Where both deliberate, the love is slight:

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

There are many quotations from the poem in contemporary literature after 1598; they often help us to fix the date of the composition in which they appear; *e. g.* the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus* must have been acted at Cambridge not earlier than Christmas, 1598, for it contains the line "*Learning and Poverty must always kiss,*" also taken from the first sestiad of the poem. No evidence has as yet been discovered tending to show that *Hero and Leander* circulated while still in MS.

It is at times difficult to resist the temptation of comparing the meeting of Marlowe's lovers and Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. The passage in Marlowe immediately follows the line quoted in *As You Like It*; *cp.*:—

"He kneel'd: but unto her devoutly prayed:

Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,

'Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him.' . . .

These lovers parled by the touch of hands."

Cp. Romeo and Juliet's first meeting, where Romeo ("the pilgrim") comes to "the holy shrine" of Juliet: "palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss," etc. If in this case there is any debt at all, it must be Marlowe's.

(ii) In the Stationers' Registers there is a rough memorandum dated August 4, without any year, seemingly under the head of "my lord chamberlens menns plaies," to the effect that *As You Like It*, together with *Henry the Fifth*, *Every man In His Humour*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, are "to be staied." This entry may be assigned to the year 1600, for later on in the same month of that year the three latter plays were entered again; moreover the previous entry bears the date May 27, 1600.

THE SOURCES

The plot of *As You Like It* was in all probability ¹ directly derived from a famous novel by Shakespeare's contemporary Thomas Lodge, entitled "*Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie; found after his death in his cell at Sil-exedra; bequeathed to Philautus' sons nursed up with their father in England: fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*" The first edition of the book appeared in 1590, and many editions were published before the end of the century (*cp. Shakespeare's Library*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, Vol. II, where the 1592 edition of the novel is reprinted).

Lodge's *Rosalynde* is in great part founded upon the old *Tale of Gamelyn*, formerly erroneously attributed to Chaucer as the *Cook's Tale*, but evidently it was the poet's intention to work up the old ballad into the *Yeoman's Tale*; none of the black-letter editions of Chaucer contains the *Tale*, which was not printed till 1721; Lodge must therefore have read it in manuscript; ² (*cp. The Tale of Gamelyn*, ed. by Prof. Skeat, Oxford, 1884). The story of Gamelyn the Outlaw, the prototype of Orlando, belongs to the Robin Hood cycle of ballads, and the hero often ap-

¹ Some have supposed that there was an older drama intermediate between *As You Like It* and Lodge's *Rosalynde*; there is absolutely no evidence to support such a supposition.

² Harleian MS. 7,334 is possibly the first MS. that includes Gamelyn; it is quite clear in the MS. that the scribe did not intend it to be taken for the *Cook's Tale* (*cp. Ward's Catalogue of British Museum Romances*, Vol. I. p. 508).

pears in these under the form of "*Gandeleyn*," "*Gamwell*"; Shakespeare himself gives us a hint of this ultimate origin of his story:—"They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England" (I, i, 120-2).¹

The *Tale of Gamelyn* tells how "Sire Johan of Boundys" leaves his possessions to three sons Johan, Ote, and Gamelyn; the eldest neglects the youngest, who endures his ill-treatment for sixteen years. One day he shows his prowess and wins prizes at a wrestling match: he invites all the spectators home. The brothers quarrel after the guests have gone, and Johan has Gamelyn chained as a madman. Adam the Spencer, his father's old retainer, releases him, and they escape together to the woods; Gamelyn becomes a king of the outlaws. Johan, as sheriff of the county, gets possession of Gamelyn again; Ote the second brother bails him out; he returns in time to save his bail; finally he condemns Johan to the gallows.

There is no element of love in the ballad; at the end it is merely stated that Gamelyn wedded "a wyf bothe good and feyr." This perhaps suggested to Lodge a second plot—viz., the story of the exiled King of France, Gerismond; of his daughter Rosalynd's love for the young wrestler; of her departure (disguised as a page called "Ganimede") with Alinda (who changes her name to Aliena) from the Court of the usurper King Torismond; and of the story of Montanus, the lover of Phœbe. The old knight is named by Lodge "Sir John of Bordeaux," and the sons are Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader. Adam Spencer is retained from the old Tale.² The scene is Bor-

¹ "Arden" has taken the place of "Sherwood"; but this is due to Lodge, who localizes the story; the *Tale of Gamelyn*, however, gives no place at all. The mere phrase "a many merry men" suggests a reminiscence of Robin Hood ballads on Shakespeare's part. "Robin Hood plays" were not uncommon at the end of the sixteenth century, *c. g.* *George-A-Green*, *Downfall and Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, &c. To the abiding charm of Robin Hood and Maid Marian we owe the latest of pastoral plays, Tennyson's *Foresters*.

² This is an old tradition preserved by Oldys and Capell that

deaux and the Forest of Ardennes. A noteworthy point is the attempt made by a band of robbers to seize Aliena; she is rescued by Rosader and Saladyne; this gives some motive for her ready acceptance of the elder brother's suit; the omission of this saving incident by Shakespeare produces the only unsatisfactory element in the whole play. "Nor can it well be worth any man's while," writes Mr. Swinburne,¹ "to say or to hear for the thousandth time that *As You Like It* would be one of those works which prove, as Landor said long since, the falsehood of the stale axiom that no work of man can be perfect, were it not for that one unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear on one corner of the canvas as the betrothal of Oliver to Celia; though with all reverence for a great name and a noble memory, I can hardly think that matters were much mended in George Sand's adaptation of the play² by the transference of her hand to Jaques."

Shakespeare has varied the names of the three sons; of the rightful and usurping kings (*Duke Senior* and *Frederick*); *Alinda* becomes *Celia*, *Montanus* is changed to *Sylvius*. In the novel *Alinda* and *Rosalind* go on their travels as lady and page; in the play as sister and brother. The character of *Jaques*, *Touchstone*, and *Audrey*, have no prototypes in the original story. Various estimates have been formed of Lodge's *Rosalynde*; some critics speak of it as "one of the dullest and dreariest of all the ob-

Shakespeare himself took the part of Old Adam. The former narrates that a younger brother of the poet recalled in his old age that he had once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, "*Wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.*" [N. B.—Shakespeare's brothers predeceased him.]

¹ *A Study of Shakespeare.*

² Mr. Swinburne alludes to George Sand's *Comme Il Vous Plaira*; an analysis of which is to be found in the Variorum *As You Like It*, edited by H. H. Furness.

scure literary performances that have come down to us from past ages," others regard it with enthusiasm as "informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possessing a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sidney's *Arcadia*." Certainly in many places the elaborate euphuistic prose serves as a quaint framework for some dainty "*Sonetto*," "*Eglog*," or "*Song*"; the xvith lyric in the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* may at least vindicate the novel from the attacks of its too harsh critics.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

(i) It is an interesting point that the original of these words, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem*," was inscribed over the entrance to the Globe Theater; as the theater was probably opened at the end of 1599, the play containing the elaboration of the idea may have been among the first plays produced there. According to a doubtful tradition the motto called forth epigrams from Jonson and Shakespeare. Oldys has preserved for us the following lines:—

JONSON.— "If, but stage actors, all the world displays,
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?"

SHAKESPEARE.—"Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We're all both actors and spectators too."

The motto is said to be derived from one of the fragments of Petronius, where the words are "*quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrioniam*." ¹ The idea, however, was common in Elizabethan literature, *e. g.* "*Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts*" (from the old play of *Damon and Pythias*); Shakespeare had himself already used the idea in *The Merchant of Venice* (I, i):—"I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*; A stage where every man must play a part."

(ii) It should be noted that Jaques' moralizing is but an enlargement of the text given out to him by the Duke:—

¹ The reading is variously given as *histrionem* and *histrioniam*.

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in."

Now "this wide and universal theater" reminds one strongly of a famous book which Shakespeare may very well have known, viz., Boissard's *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ* (published at Metz, 1596), the opening chapter of which is embellished with a remarkable emblem representing a huge pageant of universal misery, headed with the lines:—

"*Vitæ Humanæ est tanquam
 Theatrum omnium miseriarum*";

beneath the picture are words to the same effect:—

"*Vita hominis tanquam circus vel grande theatrum.*"

(iii) The division of the life of man into fourteen, ten, or seven periods is found in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman literature (*cp. Archæologia*, Vol. XXXV, 167–189; Löw's *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur*; *cp.* also Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, iv, 12). In the fifteenth century the representation of the "seven ages" was a common theme in literature and art; *e. g.* (i) in *Arnold's Chronicle*, a famous book of the period, there is a chapter entitled "the vij ages of man living in the world"; (ii) a block-print in the British Museum gives seven figures "*Infans*," "*Pueritia*," "*Adolescentia*," "*Juventus*," "*Virilitas*," "*Senectus*," "*Decrepitas*," which practically, in several cases, illustrate the words of Jaques; (iii) the allegorical mosaics on the pavement of the Cathedral at Siena picture forth the same seven acts of life's drama.

There should be somewhere a Moral Play based on Jaques' theme of life's progress: it might perhaps be said that the spirit of the dying Drama of Allegory lived on in the person of "Monsieur Melancholy"; he may well be likened to the Presenter of some old "Enterlude of Youth, Manhood, and Age"; Romantic Comedy was not for him;

¹ *Cp. Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, by H. Green, 1870.

Everyman, Lusty Juventus, Mundus et Infans, and such like endless moralizings on the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, were more to his taste.

THE SCENE OF ACTION

The locality of the play is "the Forest of Arden," *i. e.* "Ardennes," in the north-east of France, "between the Meuse et Moselle," but Shakespeare could hardly help thinking of his own Warwickshire Arden, and there can be little doubt that his contemporaries took it in the same way. There is a beautiful description of this English Forest in Drayton's *Polyolbion* (Song xiii), where the poet apostrophizes Warwickshire as his own "*native country which so brave spirits hast bred.*" The whole passage, as Mr. Furness admirably points out, probably serves to show "the deep impression on him which his friend Shakespeare's *As You Like It* had made." Elsewhere Drayton refers to "*Sweet Arden's Nightingales,*" *e. g.* in his *Matilda* and in the *Idea*:—

*"Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers."*

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY

The title *As You Like It*, was evidently suggested by a passage in Lodge's *Address to the Gentlemen Readers*:—"To be brief, gentlemen, room for a soldier and a sailor, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, where every line was wet with the surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm. *If you like it* so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favor." It was formerly believed (by Tieck and others) that the title alluded to the concluding lines of Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:—

*"I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
'By—'tis good, and if you like 't you may.'"*

But Shakespeare's play must have preceded Jonson's dramatic satire, which was first acted in 1600.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play, according to Mr. Daniel's *Analysis* (*Trans. of New Shakespere Soc.*, 1877-79), may be taken as ten days represented on the stage, with necessary intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, i.

Day 2. Act I, ii and iii, and Act II, i. [Act II, iii.]

Day 3. Act II, ii [Act III, i]. An interval of a few days. The journey to Arden.

Day 4. Act II, iv.

Day 5. Act II, v, vi, and vii. An interval of a few days.

Day 6. Act III, ii. An interval.

Day 7. Act III, iii.

Day 8. Act III, iv and v; Act IV, i, ii, and iii; and Act V, i.

Day 9. Act V, ii and iii.

Day 10. Act V, iv.

The scenes in brackets are out of their actual order. "The author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand."

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

As You Like It, along with two other of Shakespeare's plays and one of Ben Jonson's, was entered in the Stationers' Register August 4, 1600, and that opposite the entry was an order "to be stayed." In regard to the other two the stay appears to have been soon removed, as both were entered again, one on the fourteenth, the other on the twenty-third, of the same month, and were published in the course of that year. Touching *As You Like It*, the stay seems to have been kept up, perhaps because its continued success on the stage made the company unwilling to part with their interest in it. The play was never printed, so far as we know, till in the folio of 1623, where it stands the tenth in the division of Comedies, with the acts and scenes regularly marked.

This is the only contemporary notice of *As You Like It* that has been discovered. The play is not mentioned by Meres, which perhaps warrants the inference that it had not been heard of at the date of his list. And in Act V, sc. iii, is a line quoted from Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander*, which was first printed in 1598. So that we may perhaps safely conclude that the play was written in the latter part of 1598, or in the course of the next year.

One thing more there is, that ought not to be passed by in this connection. Gilbert Shakespeare, a brother of the Poet, lived till after the Restoration; and Oldys tells of "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas" the old man had of having once seen the Poet act a part in one of his own comedies, "wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping,

and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This, of course, could have been none other than the "good old man" Adam, in and about whom we have so much of noble thought; and we thus learn that his character, beautiful enough in itself, yet more beautiful for this circumstance, was sustained by the Poet himself.

In regard to the originals of this play, two sources have been pointed out, namely, *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, sometime attributed to Chaucer, but upon better advice excluded from his works, and a novel by Thomas Lodge entitled *Rosalynd: Euphues' Golden Legacie*. As the *Tale of Gamelyn* was not printed till more than a century later, it has been questioned whether Shakespeare ever saw it. Nor, indeed, can much be alleged as indicating that he did: one point there is, however, that may have some weight that way. An old knight, Sir Johan of Boundis, being about to die, calls in his wise friends to arrange the distribution of his property among his three sons. Their plan is, to settle all his lands on the eldest, and leave the youngest without any thing. Gamelyn being his favorite son, he rejects their advice, and bestows the largest portion upon him. Shakespeare goes much more according to their plan, Orlando, who answers to Gamelyn, having no share in the bulk of his father's estate. But this suits so well with the Poet's general purpose, and especially with the unfolding of Orlando's character, that we need not suppose him to have had any hint for it but the fitness of the thing itself. A few other resemblances may be traced, wherein the play differs from Lodge's novel, but none so strong but that they may well enough have been incidental. Nor, in truth, is the matter of much consequence, save as bearing upon the question whether Shakespeare was of a mind to be unsatisfied with such printed books as lay in his way. We would not exactly affirm him to have been "a hunter of manuscripts"; but we have already seen indi-

cations that he sometimes had access to them: nor is it at all unlikely that one so greedy of intellectual food, so eager and apt to make the most of all the means within his reach, should have gone beyond the printed resources of his time. Besides, there can be no question that Lodge was very familiar with the *Tale of Gamelyn*: he follows it so closely in a large part of his novel, as to leave scarce any doubt that he wrote with the manuscript by him; and if he, who was also sometime a player, availed himself of such sources, why may not Shakespeare have done the same?

Lodge's *Rosalind* was first printed in 1590, and its popularity appears in that it was republished in 1592, and again in 1598. Steevens pronounces it a "worthless original"; but this sweeping sentence is so very unjust as to breed a doubt whether he had read it. A graduate of Oxford, Lodge was evidently something of a scholar, as well as a man of wit, fancy, and invention. Compared with the general run of popular literature then in vogue, his novel has much merit, and is very well entitled to the honor of contributing to one of the most delightful poems ever written. A rather ambitious attempt, indeed, at fine writing, pedantic in style, not a little overloaded with the euphuism of the time, and occasionally running into absurdity and indecorum, nevertheless, upon the whole, it is a varied and pleasing narrative, with passages of great force and beauty, and many touches of noble sentiment, and sometimes informed with a pastoral sweetness and simplicity quite charming. The work is inscribed to Lord Hunsdon, and in his Dedication the author says,—“Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labor I writ this book; rough, as hatch'd in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas.” It has been lately republished in Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare Library*. We will endeavor such an abstract from which the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations in this quarter may be pretty fairly gathered.

Sir John of Bordeaux, being at the point of death, called

in his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divided his wealth among them, giving to the eldest fourteen ploughlands, with all his manor houses, and richest plate; to the next, twelve ploughlands; to the youngest, his horse, armor, and lance, with sixteen ploughlands; accompanying the testament with divers precepts and motives to a well-ordered life. The father being dead, Saladyne, after a short season of hypocritical mourning, went to studying how he might defraud his brothers and ravish their legacies. Acting as their guardian, he put Fernandine to school at Paris, and kept Rosader as his foot-boy. Having borne this patiently for three years, Rosader's spirit at length began to rise against it: he said to himself,—“Nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied me art to contemplate: I have strength to perform any honorable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my virtuous endeavors: those good parts that God hath bestowed upon me, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscurity.” With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair on his face, and, perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery. While he was thus ruminating Saladyne came along, and began to jerk him with rough speeches, asking him,—“What, sirrah! is my dinner ready?” He answered,—“Dost thou ask me for thy cates? ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office. Let me question thee, why thou hast felled my woods, spoiled my manor houses, and made havoc of what my father bequeathed me? Answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy.” Saladyne meeting this question with insulting threats, Rosader at last seized a great rake, and let drive at him, and soon brought him to terms. Feigning sorrow for what he had done, he drew the youth, who was of a free and generous nature, into a reconciliation, till he might gain time to finish him out of the way; and in this state they continued for a season.

Meanwhile, Torismond, who had driven his brother Gerismond, the rightful king of France, into exile, and usurped

his crown, appointed a day of wrestling and tournament, to busy the people's thoughts, and keep them from running upon the banished king. At that time, a Norman of tall stature and great strength, who had wrestled down as many as undertook with him, and often killed them outright, was to stand against all comers. Saladyne, thinking this an apt occasion to put his treachery in play, went to the Norman secretly, and engaged him with rich rewards to despatch Rosader, in case he came within his grasp. He then went to Rosader, to prick him on to the wrestling, telling him how much honor it would bring him, and how he was the only one to keep up the renown of the family. The youth, full of heroic thoughts, was glad enough of such an opportunity, and forthwith set out for the place. At the time appointed, Torismond went forth to preside over the exercises, attended by the twelve peers of France, his daughter Alinda, Rosalynd, the daughter of the banished king, and all the most famous beauties of the kingdom. Rosalynd, "upon whose cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces," was the center of attraction, the banquet of all eyes, "and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage." The tournament over, the Norman presented himself as a general challenger at wrestling. For some time none durst adventure with him, till at last there came in a lusty franklin of the country, with two tall young men, his sons. The champion soon smashed up these antagonists, killing them both; at which all were in a deep passion of pity but the father himself, who was more pleased at their bravery than grieved at their death. This done, Rosader alights from his horse, and presents himself, cheering the stout-hearted yeoman with the promise that he will "either made a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honorable triumph." He quickly puts an end to the Norman, though not till his eyes and thoughts have got thoroughly entangled with the beauty of Rosalynd. On the other side she is equally touched by his handsome person and heroic bearing. After the king and lords had learned who he was, and graced him

with their embracings, she “took from her neck a jewel and sent it to him by a page, as an assurance of her favor.”

Upon his brother's return, Saladyne, greatly chagrined at the unlooked-for issue, began forthwith to persecute him worse than ever, and the war was waged in any thing but a becoming manner on both sides. Of their long strife suffice it to say, that the Poet has shown good judgment in omitting it altogether. By this time Torismond grew jealous of his niece, and thought to banish her, saying to himself,—“Her face is so full of favor, that it pleads pity in the eye of every man”; for he feared lest some one of the peers should aim at her love, and then in his wife's right attempt the kingdom. Coming upon her in this mood, he charged her with treason, and ordered her into immediate exile; whereupon Alinda fell to entreating for her, telling him how “custom had wrought such an union of their nature, that they had two bodies and one soul”; and that if he banished her she would herself share the same sentence. He then turned his wrath upon her, telling her she did but “hatch up a bird to peck out her own eyes”: but she, nothing amazed, stood firm in defense of her cousin, assuring him that if he refused her prayer “she would either steal out and follow her, or end her days with some desperate kind of death.” Seeing her so resolute, he then decreed the banishment of them both. After comforting each other as well as they could, they went to arranging for their flight. Alinda grieving that they were to have no male attendant, Rosalynd says to her,—“Thou seest I am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page: I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side; and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon.” Thus they set forth, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, and at last came to the forest of Arden, where, after wandering about some time, and suffering many perils and privations, they found some verses pinned upon a tree, and soon came where they might

overhear a conversation between two shepherds, Coridon and Montanus, the latter of whom had got so smitten with a shepherdess named Phœbe, that he could talk of nothing else. Coridon having grown somewhat old and wise in pastoral science, his rhetoric soon put Alinda in love with a shepherd's life; and when he told her his landlord was going to sell both the farm he tilled and the flock he kept, she resolved to buy them, and have him for overseer. This done, they lived in quiet, heeding their flock, and hearing Montanus warble the praises of his cruel mistress: "though they had but country fare and coarse lodging, yet their welcome was so great and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond."

At length Rosader, driven off by his brother's cruelty, betook himself to the same forest, accompanied by Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had been an old and trusty servant to Sir John of Bordeaux. Arriving there, Adam was so forespent with hunger and travel, that he sunk down in despair, and begged Rosader to look out for himself, and leave him alone to die. After bidding him be of good cheer, Rosader started off in quest of food. Now "it chanced that Gerismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in the forest, that day in honor of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon-trees." To this place fortune brought Rosader, who, seeing the band of brave men so well provided, stepped boldly up to the table, and begged a supply for himself and his old friend who were perishing with hunger, at the same time saying,—“If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword.” Gerismond, moved with pity, and rising from the table, took him by the hand, bade him welcome, and willed him to sit down in his place, and eat as much as he would. But he answered, he would not taste one crumb till his suffering friend were first relieved. So away he runs to Adam, and, finding him too feeble to walk, takes him upon

his back and brings him to the place. Gerismond and his men greatly applauded this league of friendship; and the king's place being assigned to Rosader, he would not sit there himself, but gave it to Adam. The repast being over, Rosader at the king's request gave an account of himself, how he was the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, how he had been wronged by his elder brother, and closed by saying,—“And this old man, whom I so much love and honor, is Adam Spencer, an old servant of my father's, and one that never failed me in all my misfortunes.” Hearing this the king fell on the neck of Rosader, and told him he was Gerismond, and how he loved Sir John. Then he asked about his daughter Rosalynd, and Rosader told him how Torismond had banished her, and how Alinda chose rather to share her exile than part fellowship; whereupon the unnatural father had banished her, too.

When Torismond knew of Rosader's flight, and that Saladyne was now sole heir of Sir John's estates, he sought a quarrel with him, so as to come at his revenues. At first Saladyne was thrown into prison, where he was soon brought to repent his injuries to Rosader. Being sent for by the usurper, and questioned about his brother, he answered that he had fled, he knew not whither. Then Torismond said,—“Nay, villain, I have heard of the wrongs thou hast done thy brother: I spare thy life for thy father's sake, but banish thee forever from the court and country of France; and see thy departure be within ten days, else thou shalt lose thy head.” Meanwhile, Rosader gets to feel quite at home in his forest life, his hands being busy with woodland pursuits, and his thoughts with the image of Rosalynd, in whose praise he carves sonnets in the bark of trees, till one day he chances to meet her disguised as Ganymede. After drawing out his thoughts about herself, she engages him to visit and talk with her as if she were Rosalynd indeed. One day, as he was in chase of a deer, he came where he saw a man lying asleep, and a lion crouched near by, waiting for him to awake. Coming nearer, he perceived the man to be his brother Sala-

dyne. He debated with himself awhile what he should do, but at last resolved to do right: he killed the beast, but got a bad wound himself. At the noise Saladyne awoke, and, not knowing who his deliverer was, went along with him, and, being asked, told the story of his life, how he had wronged his brother, moistening his discourse with tears, till Rosader, unable to smother the sparks of nature, made himself known. "Much ado there was between them, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving all former injuries." In this temper Saladyne was conducted to the king, and of course taken into the woodland society.

This business detained Rosader from his appointment with Rosalynd, which caused her a deal of distress; and when at last he came, he had not much more than told the story of the late events, before it appeared that his coming was in good time. For a gang of ruffians, who had fled from justice and were living secretly in the forest, thought to kidnap Aliena and her page for a present to the usurper, to buy out the law, knowing that he was a lecher, and delighted in the spoil of virgin beauty. Their onset found Rosader on the spot. But he was unable to stand against so many, and, being badly hurt, was expecting to see his friends borne away, when Saladyne came up, "having a forest bill on his neck," which he handled with such good aim as wrought a speedy rescue. Alinda and Saladyne being thus brought together, their acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual vow. While this was in the forge, Coridon took his mistress and her page where they might overhear what passed between Montanus and Phœbe. Rosalynd was much provoked at Phœbe's behavior, and, their dialogue ended, went to chiding her, at the same time counselling her not to let slip so fair a chance. Phœbe, who all the while thought scorn to love, now gets as much enthralled to Ganymede as Montanus is to herself, when Rosalynd, seeing the effect of her speech, breaks off the interview, and leaves her sighing and weeping with this new passion. Then Phœbe presently reduces her love to writing, and asks Montanus to be her post to Ganymede,

which he readily undertakes to do, though knowing how it makes against himself. For some time things go on thus, Montanus wooing Phœbe, and Phœbe Ganimedè, till Phœbe is drawn into a promise, that if she leave to love Ganimedè, she will fancy Montanus; Ganimedè at the same time engaging that if he ever wed any woman it shall be Phœbe.

Meanwhile, the day being set and the preparations begun for the nuptials of Saladyne and Alinda, this puts Rosader in great tribulation, that he cannot be married to Rosalynd at the same time. He tells his grief to Ganimedè, who replies,—“Be of good cheer, man: I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic: what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage: I will cause him to bring Rosalynd if either France or any bordering nation harbor her”; at which Rosader frowned, thinking the page was jesting with him. When all are assembled for the wedding, Gerismond, observing the page, calls to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and sighs deeply. Rosader asking him the cause, he tells how the page reminds him of his daughter. Rosader then professing his love for her, the king declares that if she were present he would this day make up a marriage between them. Thereupon Ganimedè withdraws to put on her woman’s attire, and, presently returning as Rosalynd, falls at her father’s feet, and craves his blessing. Of course it is soon settled that she and Rosader shall be married that day. Phœbe being now asked if she will be willing to give up the page, she replies that if they please she and Montanus will that day make the third couple in marriage. Hitherto Alinda has kept her disguise, and Saladyne sought her hand, thinking her to be what she seemed: now, seeing him look rather sorrowful, and supposing it to grow from the apparent disadvantage of his match, she makes herself known. By this time word is brought that the priest is at Church, and tarries their coming. The wedding well over, while they are at dinner Fernandine arrives, and informs them that the twelve peers of France are at hand with an army to restore Gerismond to the throne. The victory declaring for

them, and the usurper being slain, all wrongs are soon righted, and the exiles return together to Paris.

From this sketch, which has been made with care, it will be seen that the Poet has here borrowed much excellent matter: perhaps it will also be seen that he has used with exquisite judgment whatsoever he took. Excepting, indeed, *The Winter's Tale*, there is none of his plays wherein he has drawn so freely from others; nor, we may add, is there any wherein he has enriched his drawings more liberally from the glory of his own genius. To appreciate his judgment as shown in what he left, one must read the whole of Lodge's novel. In our sketch will be found no traces of Jaques, or Touchstone, or Audrey: in truth, there is nothing in the novel, that could yield to the slightest hint towards either of those characters. It need scarce be said that these superaddings are of themselves enough to transform the whole into another nature, pouring through all its veins a free and lively circulation of the most original wit, and humor, and poetry. And by a judicious indefiniteness as to persons and places, the Poet has greatly idealized the work, throwing it at a romantic distance, and weaving about it all the witchery of poetical perspective; and the whole falls in so smoothly with the laws of the imagination, that the breaches of geographical order are never noticed, save by such as cannot understand poetry without a map.

No one at all qualified to judge in the matter will suppose that Shakespeare could have been really indebted to Lodge, or whomsoever else, for any of the *characters* in *As You Like It*. He did but borrow certain names and forms for the bodying forth of conceptions purely his own. The resemblance is all in the drapery and circumstances of the representation, not in the individuals. For instance, we can easily imagine Rosalind in an hundred scenes not here represented, for she is a substantive personal being, such as we may detach and consider apart from the particular order wherein she stands; but we can discover in her no likeness to Lodge's Rosalynd, save that of name and situation: take away the similarity here, and there is noth-

ing to indicate that he who drew the heroine of the play had ever seen the heroine of the novel. And it is considerable, that though he has here borrowed more than almost any where else, there is no sign of any borrowing in the work itself: we can detect no foreign influences, no second-hand touches, nothing to suggest that any part of the thing had ever been thought of before; what he took being so thoroughly assimilated into what he gave, that the whole seems to have come fresh from nature and his own mind: so that, had the originals been lost, we should never have suspected there were any.

This play is exceedingly rich and varied in character. The several persons standing out round and clear, yet their distinctive traits in a remarkable degree sink quietly into the feelings, without reporting themselves in the understanding; for which cause the clumsy methods of criticism can scarce reduce them to expression. Properly speaking, the drama has no hero; for, though Orlando occupies the foreground, the characters are strictly coördinate, the very design of the work precluding any subordination among them. Diverted by fortune from all their cherished plans and purposes, they pass before us in just that moral and intellectual dishabille, which best reveals their indwelling graces of heart and mind. Schlegel, indeed, remarks that "throughout the picture the Poet seems to have aimed at showing that nothing is wanting to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial restraint, and restore both to their native liberty." But it should be further observed, that the persons have already been "purified by suffering," and that it was under the discipline of social restraint that they developed the virtues that make them go right without it. Because they have not hitherto been free to do as they would, therefore it is that they are good and beautiful in doing as they have a mind to now.

Orlando is altogether such a piece of young manhood as it does one good to be with. He has no special occasion for heroism, yet we feel that there is plenty of heroic stuff

in him. Brave, gentle, modest, and magnanimous; never thinking of his high birth but to avoid dishonoring it; in his noble-heartedness forgetting and making others forget his nobility of rank;—he is every way just such a man as all true men would choose for their best friend. The whole intercourse between him and his faithful old servant, Adam, is on both sides replete with the very divinity of the old chivalrous sentiment, in whose eye the nobilities of nature were always sure of recognition.

The exiled Duke exemplifies the best sense of nature, as thoroughly informed and built up with Christian discipline and religious efficacy, so that the asperities of life do but make his thoughts run the smoother. How sweet, yet how considerative and firm, is every thing about his temper and moral frame! he sees all that is seen by the most keen-eyed satirist, yet is never moved to be satirical, because he looks with wiser and therefore kindlier eye. Hence comes it that he “can translate the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style.” In his philosophy, so bland, benignant, and contemplative, the mind tastes the very luxury of rest, and has an antepast of measureless content.

Touchstone, though he nowhere strikes so deep a chord within us as the poor fool in *Lear*, is the most entertaining of Shakespeare’s privileged characters. Richly indeed does his grave logical nonsense moralize the scenes wherein he moves. It is curious to observe how the Poet takes care to let us know from the first, that beneath the affectations of his calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. Used to a life cut off from human sympathies; stripped of the common responsibilities of the social state; living for no end but to make aristocratic idlers laugh; one, therefore, whom nobody respects enough to resent or be angry at any thing he says;—of course his habit is to speak all for effect, nothing for truth: instead of yielding or being passive to the natural force and vir-

tue of things, his vocation is to wrest and transshape them out of their true scope. Thus a strange willfulness and whimsicality has wrought itself into the substance of his mind. Yet his nature is not so "subdued to what it works in," but that, amidst the scenes and inspirations of the forest, the fool quickly slides into the man; the supervenings of the place so running into and athwart what he brings with him, that his character comes to be as dappled and motley as his dress. Even in the new passion which here takes him there is a touch of his old willfulness: when he falls in love, as he really does, nothing seems to inspire and draw him more than the unloveliness of the object; thus approving that even so much of nature as survives in him is not content to run in natural channels.

Jaques, we believe, is an universal favorite, as indeed he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's happiest conceptions. Without being at all unnatural, he has an amazing stock of peculiarity. Enraptured out of his senses at the voice of a song; thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at sight of the motley-clad and motley-witted fool; taking no interest in things but for the melancholy thoughts they start up in his mind; and shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character;—he represents the abstract and sum total of an utterly useless yet perfectly harmless man, seeking wisdom by adjuring its first principle. An odd rich mixture of reality and affectation, he does nothing but think, yet avowedly thinks to no purpose; or rather thinking is with him its own end. On the whole, if in *Touchstone* there be much of the philosopher in the fool, in *Jaques* there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that *Ulrici* is not so wide of the mark in calling them "two fools." He is equally willful, too, in his turn of thought and speech, though not so conscious of it; and as he plays his part more to please himself, so he is proportionably less open to the healing and renovating influences of nature. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms for him, because such moral

discrepancies offer the most salient points to his cherished meditations. Still even his melancholy is grateful, because free from any dash of malignity. His morbid pruriency of mind seems to spring from an excess of generative virtue. And how racy and original is every thing that comes from him! as if it bubbled up from the center of his being; while his perennial fullness of matter makes his company always delightful.

It is not quite certain whether Jaques or Rosalind be the greater attraction: there is enough in either to make the play a continual feast; though her charms are less liable to be staled by custom, because they result from health of mind and symmetry of character; so that in her presence the head and heart draw entirely together, and therefore move so smoothly as to render us happy without letting us know why. For wit this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal, perhaps superior, to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her. A soft, subtle, nimble essence, consisting in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither stings nor burns, but plays briskly and airily over all things within its reach, enriching and adorning them, insomuch that one could ask no greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible vivacity it waits not for occasion, but runs on forever, and we wish it to run on forever: we have a sort of faith that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies. And her heart seems a perennial fountain of affectionate cheerfulness: no trial can break, no sorrow chill her flow of spirits; even her deepest sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth; an arch, roguish smile irradiates her saddest tears. Yet beneath all her playfulness we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity, so that she never laughs away our respect. It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for

the better concealing of what she is. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms of speech serve but to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character, than to keep strictly within it at the risk of causing a suspicion of her sex.—Celia appears well worthy of a place beside her whose love she shares and repays. Instinct with the soul of moral beauty and of female tenderness, the friendship of these more than sisters “mounts to the seat of grace within the mind.”

The general scope and drift, or, as Ulrici would say, the ground-idea, of this play is aptly hinted by the title. As for the beginnings of what is here represented, they do not greatly concern us, for most of them lie back out of our view, and the rest are soon lost sight of in what grows out of them; but the issues, of which there are many, are all exactly to our mind; we feel them to be just about right, and would not have them otherwise. For example, touching Oliver and Frederick, our wish is, that they should repent, and repair the wrong they have done; in a word, that they should become good, which is precisely what takes place; and as soon as they do this, they of course love those that were good before. Jaques, too, is so fitted to moralize the discrepancies of human life, so happy and at home, and withal so agreeable while doing it, that we would not he should follow the good Duke when in his case those discrepancies are composed: we feel that the best thing he can do is to leave him, and take to one who, growing better, and so resigning his ill-gotten wealth, resolves to do right, though it bring him to penury and rags. The same might easily be shown in regard to the other issues: indeed, we dare ask any genial, considerate reader,—Does not every thing turn out just *as you like it*? Moreover, there is an indefinable something about the play, that puts us in a passive and receptive temper and frame of mind; that opens the heart, smiles away all querulousness and fault-finding, and makes us easy and apt to be pleased.

Thus the Poet disposes us to like things as they come, and at the same time takes care that they shall come as we like.

Much has been said by one critic and another about the improbabilities in this play. We confess they have never troubled us; and as we have had no trouble here to get out of, we do not well know how to help others out. Wherefore, if any one be still annoyed by these things, we will turn him over to the poet Campbell, wishing him nothing worse or better than that he may find that author's charming criticism just *as he likes it*. "Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia,—'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers,—'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire, until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind,—for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is, that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched, and the fancy fascinated!

"In fact, though there is no rule without exceptions, and no general truth without limitation, it may be pronounced, that if you delight us in fiction, you may make our sense of probability slumber as deeply as you please. But it may be asked, whether nature and truth are to be sacrificed at the altar of fiction? No! in the main effect of fiction on the fancy, they never are or can be sacrificed. The improbabilities of fiction are only its exceptions, while the truth of nature is its general law; and unless the truth of nature were in the main observed, the fictionist could not

lull our vigilance as to particular improbabilities. Apply this maxim to *As You Like It*, and our Poet will be found to make us forget what is eccentric from nature in a limited view, by showing it more beautifully probable in a larger contemplation."

Finally, we have to confess that, upon the whole, *As You Like It* is our favorite of Shakespeare's comedies. Yet we should be puzzled to tell why; for our preference springs, not so much from any particular points or features, wherein it is surpassed by several others, as from the general toning and effect. The whole is replete with a beauty so delicate, yet so intense, that we feel it every where, but can never tell especially where it is or in what it consists. For instance, the descriptions of forest scenery come along so unsought, and in such easy, natural touches, that we take in the impression, without once noticing what it is that impresses us. Thus there is a certain woodland freshness, a glad, free naturalness, that creeps and steals into the heart before we know it. We are persuaded, indeed, that Milton had this play especially in his mind when he wrote,—

"And sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

Add to this, that the kindlier sentiments here seem playing out in a sort of jubilee. Untied from set purposes and definite aims, the persons come forth with their hearts already tuned, and so have nothing to do but let off their redundant music. Envy, jealousy, avarice, revenge, all the passions that afflict and degrade society, they have left in the city behind them. And they have brought the intelligence and refinement of the court, without its vanities and vexations; so that the graces of art and the simplicities of nature meet together in joyous loving sisterhood. Thus it answers to Ulrici's fine description: "The whole is a deep pervading harmony, while sweet and soul-touching melodies play around; all is so ethereal, so tender and

affecting, so free, fresh, and joyous, and so replete with a genial sprightliness, that I have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most excellent compositions in the whole wide domain of poesy."

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLAY

Shakspeare, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition—the historical plays—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the courts and camps of England, and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found; possessed of a flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. “Never is the scene within-doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony.”¹ After the trumpet-tones of Henry V comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not be all in keeping? Shakspeare was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspeare confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art*.

ROSALIND

Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced

¹ C. A. Brown. *Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems*.

by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court, and the artificial appendages of her rank. She was not made to "lord it o'er a fair mansion," and take state upon her like the all-accomplished Portia; but to breathe the free air of heaven, and frolic among green leaves. She was not made to stand the siege of daring profligacy, and oppose high action and high passion to the assaults of adverse fortune, like Isabel; but to "fleet the time carelessly as they did i' the golden age." She was not made to bandy wit with lords, and tread courtly measures with plumed and warlike cavaliers, like Beatrice; but to dance on the green sward, and "murmur among living brooks a music sweeter than their own."—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

We are introduced to Rosalind as a poor bird with a drooping wing; her father is banished, she is bereft of her birthright, and is living on sufferance as companion to the usurper's daughter, being, indeed, half a prisoner in the palace, where till lately she reigned as princess. It is not until she has donned the doublet and hose, appears in the likeness of a page, and wanders at her own sweet will in the open air and the greenwood, that she recovers her radiant humor, and roguish merriment flows from her lips like the trilling of a bird.

Nor is the man she loves an overweening gallant with a sharp tongue and an unabashed bearing. This youth, though brave as a hero and strong as an athlete, is a child in inexperience, and so bashful in the presence of the woman who instantly captivates him, that it is she who is the first to betray her sympathy for him, and has even to take the chain from her own neck and hang it around his before he can so much as muster up courage to hope for her love. So, too, we find him passing his time in hanging poems to her upon the trees, and carving the name of Rosalind in their bark. She amuses herself, in her page's attire, by making herself his confidant, and pretending, as it were in jest, to be his Rosalind. She cannot bring her-

self to confess her passion, although she can think and talk (to Celia) of no one but him, and although his delay of a few minutes in keeping tryst with her sets her beside herself with impatience. She is as sensitive as she is intelligent, in this differing from Portia, to whom, in other respects, she bears some resemblance, though she lacks her persuasive eloquence, and is, on the whole, more tender, more virginal. She faints when Oliver, to excuse Orlando's delay, brings her a handkerchief stained with his blood; yet has sufficient self-mastery to say with a smile the moment she recovers, "I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited." She is quite at her ease in her male attire, like Viola and Imogen after her. She is unrivalled in vivacity and inventiveness. In every answer she discovers gunpowder anew, and she knows how to use it to boot.

What Rosalind says of women in general applies to herself in particular: you will never find her without an answer until you find her without a tongue. And there is always a bright and merry fantasy in her answers. She is literally radiant with youth, imagination, and the joy of loving so passionately and being so passionately beloved. And it is marvellous how thoroughly feminine is her wit. Too many of the witty women in books written by men have a man's intelligence. Rosalind's wit is tempered by feeling.—BRANDES.

Rosalind's character is made up of sportive gaiety and natural tenderness: her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath, only to get deeper in love. The coquetry with which she plays with her lover in the double character which she has to support is managed with the nicest address. How full of voluble, laughing grace is all her conversation with Orlando—

—"In heedless mazes running
With wanton haste and giddy cunning."

How full of real fondness and pretended cruelty is her answer to him when he promises to love her "For ever and a day!"

"Say a day without the ever: no, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind. By my life she will do as I do."

—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

CELIA

Celia is more quiet and retired: but she rather yields to Rosalind, than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend, by placing them in comparison—

Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone—

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakspeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind—

 If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we have still slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first, follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

DUKE FREDERICK

That Duke Frederick is not constitutionally cruel, is indicated in his endeavor to stay the wrestling, "in pity of the challenger's youth," first by personal dissuasion of Orlando, then by suggesting to the princesses to use their influence, while he stands considerably aside, and then by restricting the encounter to one fall; and thus, tyrant as he is, he is in sympathy with the assembled crowd, who so deeply compassionate the bereaved father. Again, he is better than his class in his care of the grasping and disabled prizier—"How dost thou, Charles?" and "bear him away." Ambition and avarice control his better nature, which regains its elasticity, however, when he is brought under the genial influences of a clearer air and an altered scene. Certain it is that such a change has a healthy moral, as well as physical influence; it is one of the rescuing energies of nature, and if in actual nature it has not always the permanent vigor that is desirable, and loses its force when we return again into the circle of old local influences and associations, the more delightful is it for a time to revel in a fiction which exhibits one of the most beautiful resources of nature, operating with a vitality that brings aid to faltering virtue and corrects the flaws of fortune, and turns the odds of the great combat of life to the side of the excellent and the admirable.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

DUKE FREDERICK AND OLIVER

Duke Frederick is called even by his daughter a man of harsh and envious mind; he appears to be perpetually actu-

ated by gloomy fancies, by suspicion and mistrust, and to be urged on by covetousness. He has banished his brother and usurped the throne, he has robbed all the lords of their property who have gone with his brother, he has regarded with hostile suspicion all honorable men, the old Rowland de Bois as well as his brave Orlando, and he has surrounded himself with the dishonorable, who nevertheless, like Le Beau, are not devoted to him. Orlando's victory over the wrestler is enough to kindle his suspicion against him; once awakened, it lights upon the hitherto spared Rosalind, for no other reason than that she throws his daughter into the shade, and thus excites the father's envy, a passion which he wishes the inoffensive Celia to share also. When both the friends upon this disappear at the same time with Orlando, Frederick's suspicion and covetousness fall upon Oliver, whom he had hitherto favored. In this eldest son of the brave Rowland de Bois there flows the same vein of avarice and envy as in the Duke. He strives to plunder his brother of his poor inheritance, he undermines his education and gentility, he first endeavors to stifle his mind, and then he lays snares for his life; all this he does from an undefined hatred of the youth, whom he is obliged to confess is "full of noble device," but who for this very reason draws away the love of all his people from Oliver to himself; and on this account excites his envious jealousy. Both the Duke and Oliver equally forfeit the happiness which they seek, the one the heritage of his usurped dukedom, the other his lawful and unlawful possessions. And in this lies the primary impulse and the material motive for their subsequent renunciation of the world; a more moral incentive to this change of mind is given to Oliver in the preservation of his life by Orlando, and to the Duke in the warning voice of a religious man who speaks to his conscience and his fear. These are only sketches of characters, not intended to play conspicuous parts; but we see that they are drawn by the same sure hand which we have seen at work throughout Shakespeare's works.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

THE EXILED DUKE

The exiled Duke is a perfect exemplar of what should comprise a Christian's course—a cheerful gratitude for the benefits that have been showered upon him; a calm, yet firm endurance of adversity; a tolerance of unkindness; and a promptitude to forgive injuries. How sweet, and yet how strong is his moral nature! It seems as though no trial, social or physical, could change the current of his gracious wisdom. In a scene subsequent to that containing his celestial confession of moral faith, we have the proof that his philosophy is no cold profession merely,—no lip-deep ostentation,—no barren theory without practice. His conduct shows that his cheerful morality nestles in his heart, and inspires his actions. It is the seventh Scene of the second Act, where he and his followers are about to sit down to their woodland meal, when Orlando rushes in with his drawn sword, and demands food. There is in every point of the Duke's behavior on this occasion, the forbearance, the gentleness, the charity, and the cordial courtesy which grow out of such philosophy as his—that of unaffected contentment. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," indeed, when they teach such lessons as these! We cannot fancy that this true-hearted gentleman could have so perfected his native character had he never known the reverse of fortune, which exiled him from his court, and sent him among the forest-trees to learn wisdom from all-bounteous Nature; to know the worth of his true friends, who forsook land and station to share his seclusion; and to secure a peace of soul seldom known to those who live perpetually in the turmoil of public life. We find how dear his sylvan haunts have become to him; how happy have been the hours spent among them with his friends; how entirely their calm has penetrated his soul, and made part of his existence, by the unwillingness with which he prepares to quit these scenes at the end of the play, when his dukedom is restored to him. He receives the news with his own philosophic composure; and, by a

word or two that he lets fall, it may be shrewdly suspected that he only intends returning to repossess himself of his birthright, in order to secure it for his daughter Rosalind, and her future husband, Orlando; and then that he will quietly leave the young people at court, and steal back with a few of his faithful friends to close their days in retirement on the spot where they have been so contentedly happy. Mayhap, as the years creep on, and age-aches warn him not to disregard the "seasons' difference," he will exchange the table under the greenwood tree for one beneath the oaken roof. But be sure that his house will be close upon the forest glades, and on his table will smoke a haunch of the red deer for old lang syne.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters*.

JAQUES

Jaques envies no one. He is satirical, but not venomous. He is drawn to Rosalind and Orlando, though they will not have anything to do with his melancholy egotism, which, in their eyes, makes him wearisome. He seeks people who think which the wornout sensualist does not; who have what the Duke calls "matter" in them for which the mere cynic does not care. He is really interested in the fate of the wounded deer, though he makes it a text for his moralizing only, and will not stir from his couch of moss to help it. He is vain of his brooding thoughtfulness, and of course he has plenty to think of. His wild life has given him knowledge of the purlieus of human nature, and their many problems. When he remembers all this matter of humanity, he is sullen, but not savage; and then old gentlemen, like the banished Duke, who are void of his storied experience of life, seek him out and taste through his moralizing a pleasant savour of far-off naughtiness, of a world fuller and more varied than the forest. This was sure to please an exile from the world like the Duke, who, though he makes the best of the wild wood, will not be sorry to get back to the court. The

good stuff of thought in Jaques somewhat excuses his egotism. But he is over-vain of it, and when Rosalind laughs at his apparent wisdom and tells him it is really folly, he is hurt; and the hurt is the deeper, because an inward whisper tells him Rosalind is right.—BROOKE, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare*.

Jaques has clearly morbid traits; yet he represents a type very characteristic of the early seventeenth century, and one which, as the minute and elaborate drawing shows, greatly interested Shakespeare. The staple of his "melancholy" was the vague sadness of a sated brain, the despondent waking after the glorious national revelry of Elizabeth's prime. But there are glimpses in it of a profounder and nobler melancholy, which Shakespeare himself, it can hardly be doubted, came to share, melancholy of a profound sensitiveness to wrong and suffering. Jaques's effusive pathos over the wounded stag, strange and untimely note as it sounds among the blithe horns and carols of the hunters, preludes a deeper, more comprehensive pity, —the stuff of which, in the next years, the great tragedies were to be wrought.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare*.

Jaques is Shakespeare's embodiment of a doctrine that is scattered in fragments about his early plays, the doctrine of Aristotle which associates melancholy with certain abnormal or highly-developed mental power; this melancholy, vulgarized into a "humour" which came mostly from France, had not long before played its part in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humor*; but Shakespeare dignifies the conception, though Jaques can "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs."—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Work*.

In the character of Jaques it is very evident that Shakespeare intended to represent a certain delicate shade of incipient melancholia. The melancholy of Jaques

is not so much a fixed condition of disease as the gradual involution of the melancholic state. After a careful examination of him, we confess our inability to discover anything more really morbid in his mental or moral organization than what is glanced at above as belonging to the initiatory stage of the disease.—KELLOGG, *Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity*.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the characters in Jaques' sketch are well taken care of. The infant is nursed; the boy is educated; the youth, tormented by no greater cares than the necessity of hunting after rhymes to please the ear of a lady, whose love sits so lightly upon him as to set him upon nothing more serious than such a self-amusing task; the man in prime of life is engaged in gallant deeds, brave in action, anxious for character, and ambitious of fame; the man in declining years has won the due honors of his rank, he enjoys the luxuries of the table, and dispenses the terrors of the bench; the man of age still more advanced is well-to-do in the world. If his shank be shrunk, it is not without hose and slipper; if his eyes be dim, they are spectacled; if his years have made him lean, they have gathered for him the wherewithal to fatten the pouch by his side. And when this strange, eventful history is closed by the penalties paid by men who live too long, Jaques does not tell us that the helpless being, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," is left unprotected in his helplessness.—MAGINN, *Shakespeare Papers*.

TOUCHSTONE

The fool whom Jacques so envies, who is his counterpart and mental kinsman, is the merry clown Touchstone. He is a genuine old English clown—in the Shakespearian form—a fool with the jingling cap and bells, one who is and wishes to be a fool; the same personification of ca-

price and ridicule, and with the same keen perception of the faults and failings of mankind as Jacques, but a fool with his own knowledge and consent, and not merely passive but active also. He speaks, acts and directs his whole life in accordance with the capricious folly and foolish capriciousness which he considers to be the principles of human existence. While therefore the other lovers are in pursuit of their high ideals of beauty, amiability and virtue, and yet do not in reality attain anything beyond the common human standard, he takes to himself quite an ordinary, silly, ugly, peasant girl; he loves her, in fact, just because she pleases him, and she pleases him just because he loves her. This is the obstinacy of love in its full force, as conceived by Shakespeare in his comedies. And yet this capriciousness which apparently ridicules itself, at the same time, contains a significant trait in which he exhibits his inmost nature, a trait of what is simple, natural, and common to all men, in contrast to what is exaggerated and unnatural, and to all that which is sentimental, eccentric and fantastic—a genuine human trait which, however, he had hitherto been unable to show. While, further, all the other characters have chosen the secluded free life of the Forest of Arden on account of their outward circumstances or inward impulse, in short, with good reason or free will, he alone has gone there without any occasion or reason whatever; he has even done so against his own inclination as the good cheer at court suited him far better; in other words he has done so deliberately in the actual sense of the word. And yet it is just in this that he again, under the mask of folly, shows a trait of genuine human nature, noble unselfishness and fidelity. Lastly, while all the other characters appear more or less like the unconscious play-balls of their own caprices and whims, feelings and impulses, he proves himself to be the one that makes game both of himself and of all the others; by this very means, however, he shows his true independence and freedom. And inasmuch as he consciously and intentionally makes himself a fool and gives free reins to his caprices, freaks

and humors, he, at least, shows that he possesses the first necessary elements of true freedom, the consciousness of, and sovereignty over himself. He the professed Fool may frankly be declared the most rational person of the whole curious company, for he alone invariably knows his own mind; in regarding everything as sheer folly, he, at the same time takes it up in the humor in which it is meant to be understood. Accordingly, in Touchstone (who, as it were, personifies the humor which pervades the whole), we find all the perversities and contradictions of a life and mode of life *as you like it* reflected in a concave mirror; but this exterior, at the same time, conceals the poetic truth of the reverse side of the whole. Therefore we find a striking contrast to him in Sir Oliver Martext, the very embodiment of common prose, who will not suffer anything to lead him from his own text, but in doing this thoroughly perverts the text of true living reality, the ideal, poetical substance of the book of life—ULRICI, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*.

SILVIUS AND PHEBE

Amongst the couples whom Hymen unites are Silvius and Phebe, who had already made their appearance in Lodge's romance. The novelist had censured Phebe for her excessive scorn, and had emphasized the retribution in kind that falls upon her head. But his picture of the self-forgetting devotion of Silvius was, on the whole, sympathetic, and neither of the characters moved in a different plane from the remaining figures in the story. But in the drama this is exactly what they do, for, by a number of minute touches, Shakspeare transposes them into the region of caricature. Unlike the other lovers, they speak uniformly in verse instead of prose, and this in itself gives a distinctively idealistic flavor to their sentiments. Silvius' recital in strophic form to Corin of the signs of true love, ending with the triple invocation of the name of Phebe, prepares us for the pageant played between him and his

disdainful mistress. Phebe has all the "regulation" charms of a pastoral nymph—inky brows, black silk hair, bugle eyeballs, and cheeks of cream; but these are turned into burlesque by the addition of "a leathern hand, a free-stone coloured hand." She has been allowed a very pretty gift of language, and her process of proof to Silvius that eyes, "the frailest, softest things, who shut their coward gates on atomies," cannot be called butchers or murderers, is a charming piece of filigree logic. But her dainty terms become ridiculous when they are used to express her love for Ganymede; and the poetical epistle in which she questions the supposed youth whether he is a "god to shepherd turned," and promises, if her passion is fruitless, to "study how to die," is a glaring travesty of the sentimental effusions of the conventional love-lorn Phyllises and Chloes. Similarly the "tame snake," Silvius, who is satisfied to live upon a "scattered smile" loosed now and then by his mistress, and who bears her letter to Ganymede in the fond belief that it has an angry tenor, is a parody of that true loyalty of heart which, as seen in Orlando, is no enemy to either cheerfulness or self-respect. At the end of the comedy, when they have served the dramatist's purpose, they are united in marriage like the other lovers; but this similarity of fate does not annul the contrast between the Dresden-china couple, and the true children of nature, Orlando and Rosalind.—BOAS, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN

It has been truly and beautifully said of Shakspeare,—
 "All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth."¹ But there are critics of another caste, who ob-

¹ Knight, *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

ject to Shakspeare's forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, "between the rivers Meuse and Moselle." They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known by Shakspeare; and that he is consequently most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm-tree could flourish, and a lioness be starving, in French Flanders. We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no seaboard; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be "clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock, and quartzose sandstone." We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how

"two fountains grew,
Like in the taste, but in effects unlike,
Plac'd in Ardenna, each in other's view:
Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike
Contrary of the other dost ensue,
Who drinks thereof, their lovers shall mislike."

We are equally sure that Shakspeare *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal, when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness.

Banishment and flight have assembled together in the Forest of Arden a singular society: a Duke dethroned by his brother, and, with his faithful companions in misfortune, living in the wilds on the produce of the chase; two distinguished princesses, who love each other with a sisterly affection; a witty court fool; lastly, the native inhabitants of the forest, ideal and natural shepherds and shepherdesses. These lightly-sketched figures pass along in the most diversified succession; we see always the shady, dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation

or fanciful idleness, to which every one addicts himself according to his humor or disposition; and this unlimited freedom compensates all of them for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down solitarily under a tree and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into the wilderness, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth who hangs his love-ditty to a tree. A prudish shepherdess falls instantaneously in love with Rosalind, disguised in man's apparel; the latter sharply reproaches her with her severity to her poor lover, and the pain of refusal, which she at length feels from her own experience, disposes her to compassion and requital. The fool carries his philosophical contempt of external show and his raillery of the illusion of love so far, that he purposely seeks out the ugliest and simplest country wench for a mistress. Throughout the whole picture it seems to have been the intention of the poet to show that nothing is wanted to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial constraint and restore both to their native liberty.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*.

Shakespeare has made the inhabitants of this forest appear so happy in their banishment, that, when they are called back to the cares of the world, it seems more like a punishment than a reward. Jaques has too much prudence to leave his retirement; and yet, when his associates are departed, his state can no longer be enviable, as refined society was the charm which seemed here to bestow on country life its more than usual enjoyments.—INCHBALD, "*As you like it*" in *The British Theatre*.

A PASTORAL COMEDY

Though said to be oftener read than any other of Shakespeare's plays, *As You Like It* is certainly less fascinating than several of his other comedies. The dramatist has presented us with a pastoral comedy, the characters of which, instead of belonging to an ideal pastoral age, are true copies of what Nature would produce under similar conditions. The poet has relieved the development of a melancholy subject and an insignificant story by the introduction of a more than usual number of really individual subordinate characters. Even Rosalind, that beautiful but willful representation of woman's passion, is not an important accessory to the moral purpose of the comedy; and the other characters, however gracefully delineated, are not amalgamated into an artistic action with that full power which overwhelms us with astonishment in the grander efforts of Shakespeare's genius.—HALLIWELL, *Introduction to "As You Like It."*

A PLEASING PLAY

Few comedies of Shakespeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnanimous Duke, interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion.—HALLAM, *Literature of Europe.*

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment*
 FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions*
 AMIENS, } *lords attending on the banished Duke*
 JAQUES, }
 LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick*
 CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick*
 OLIVER, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys*
 JAQUES, }
 ADAM, } *servants to Oliver*
 DENNIS, }
 TOUCHSTONE, *a clown*
 SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar*
 CORIN, } *shepherds*
 SYLVIVS, }
 WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey*
 A person representing Hymen

 ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke*
 CELIA, *daughter to Frederick*
 PHEBE, *a shepherdess*
 AUDREY, *a country wench*

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden*

The pronunciation of "*Jaques*" is still somewhat doubtful, though the metrical test makes it certain that it is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare: there is evidence that the name was well known in England, and ordinarily pronounced as a monosyllable; hence Harrington's *Metamorphosis of A-jax* (1596). The name of the character was probably rendered "*Jakës*": the modern stage practice is in favor of "*Jaq-wes*."—I. G.

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

Frederick, the younger brother of a French Duke, usurps the place of his brother and banishes him. The rightful Duke retires to the forest of Arden and is there joined by a few of his faithful friends whose possessions are confiscated by the usurper. The Duke's daughter Rosalind remains at her uncle's court as a companion for her cousin Celia. These two girls have been bred together from their cradles and "never two ladies loved as they do." In disguise, Orlando, the son of one of the banished Duke's friends, wrestles with the Duke's wrestler and is victorious. Frederick is kindly disposed toward the youth until he finds out who he is. Rosalind rejoices to know of this relationship, for she is much attracted to Orlando. Because of her accomplishments and for the sake of her father, Rosalind has many friends—so many that her uncle grows alarmed and banishes her from his court. Celia insists on accompanying her cousin, as she says, for "the love which teacheth thee that thou and I am one."

ACT II

The ladies take with them Frederick's clown, who is devoted to both of them. Rosalind dresses herself as a country-man and Celia as his sister. They find their way to the Forest of Arden, and not knowing in what part of the woods to look for the Duke, they purchase a shepherd's house and his flocks. Orlando, finding it impossible to live peacefully with his elder brother Oliver and fearing

the latter's evil designs, also journeys to this forest to join the banished Duke.

ACT III

On the day of the wrestling-match, Orlando had fallen in love with Rosalind and he now spends much of his time writing verses about her and fastening them to the trees. Rosalind and Celia find some of these, and Rosalind, remembering how she is dressed, is distressed to think Orlando is so near. But she soon recovers her light spirits and decides to talk to him as youth to youth and find out how much he really cares for her. She invites him to visit her and to talk to her as he would like to talk to Rosalind. Orlando gladly accepts this offer.

ACT IV

Orlando's brother Oliver follows Orlando to the forest to do him harm. He is discovered by the younger man, sleeping under an oak-tree and in two-fold danger of his life by a snake and by a lioness. Orlando is tempted to leave his brother to his fate, but the good in him triumphs over this evil thought and he saves Oliver's life. But in so doing he himself is wounded by the lioness. He sends Oliver, who has repented of his treatment of him, to tell Rosalind of his injury. Rosalind swoons at the news, but pretends that the faint was only counterfeit.

ACT V

Oliver has fallen in love with Celia, and she returns his affection. They decide to be married very shortly, and Rosalind, still in male disguise, promises Orlando that he shall marry his lady-love at the same time and that she will find a way to bring the lady to him. Rosalind finds her father and obtains his permission for his daughter to marry Orlando. Then she and Celia retire and return in their proper dress. The Duke and Orlando are delighted at the transformation. The weddings take place imme-

AS YOU LIKE IT

Synopsis

diately, and instead of just two couples, there are four, for the clown who had accompanied the ladies to the forest had met and loved a country-lass, and the fourth couple are a shepherd and his sweetheart. The joy of the wedding party is increased by the news which comes to them of Duke Frederick. While on his way to the forest to capture his brother and put him to the sword, he had met "with an old religious man," and "after some question with him, was converted both from his enterprise and from the world, his crown bequeathing to his banished brother, and all their lands restored to them again that were with him exiled."

AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home un-

1. "*it was upon this fashion: bequeathed,*" &c. The Folio does not place a stop at "*fashion,*" but makes "*bequeathed*" a past participle; the words "*charged*" . . . "*on his blessing*" presuppose "*he*" or "*my father*"; the nominative, may, however, be easily supplied from the context, or possibly, but doubtfully, "*a*" (= "*he*") has been omitted before "*charged.*" There is very much to be said in favor of the Folio reading; a slight confusion of two constructions seems to have produced the difficulty. Warburton, Hammer, and Capell proposed to insert "*my father*" before "*bequeathed.*" Others punctuate in the same way as in the present text, but read "*he bequeathed*" or "*my father bequeathed*"; the Cambridge editors hold that the subject of the sentence is intentionally omitted. —I. G.

kept; for call you that keeping for a gentle- 10
man of my birth, that differs not from the
stalling of an ox? His horses are bred bet-
ter; for, besides that they are fair with their
feeding, they are taught their manage, and
to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his
brother, gain nothing under him but growth;
for the which his animals on his dunghills are
as much bound to him as I. Besides this
nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the 20
something that nature gave me his counte-
nance seems to take from me: he lets me feed
with his hinds, bars me the place of a
brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines
my gentility with my education. This is it,
Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my
father, which I think is within me, begins to
mutiny against this servitude: I will no
longer endure it, though yet I know no wise
remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother. 30

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how
he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any
thing.

33. "*what make you here*"; that is, what *do* you here? See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. ii. sc. 1, and Act iv. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile. 40

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well, here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Aye, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. 50

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? 60

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my

brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord. 70

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me 80 by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog. 90

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me?

I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me? 100

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and 110 three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have 120 followed her exile, or have died to stay be-

118. "*Duke's daughter*"; that is, the *usurping* duke's daughter.—
H. N. H.

hind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentle-

126. "*forest of Arden*"; *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. Spenser, in his *Colin Clout*, mentions it.

"So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* was."

In Lodge's *Rosalynde* the exiled king of France is said to be living as "an outlaw in the forest of Arden."—H. N. H.

128. "*old Robin Hood of England*"; this prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I, and had his chief residence in Sherwood forest, Nottinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy"; and in Percy's *Reliques* is an old ballad entitled *Robin Hood* and *Guy of Gisborne*, showing how his praises were wont to be sung. Of his mode of life the best account that we have seen is in the twenty-sixth song of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, where the nymph of Sherwood forest,

"All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court.
The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell.
In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue;
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When, setting to their lips their little bugles shrill

men flock to him every day, and fleet the ¹³⁰
time carelessly, as they did in the golden
world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the
new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint
you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly
to understand that your younger brother,
Orlando, hath a disposition to come in dis-
guised against me to try a fall. To-mor-
row, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that ¹⁴⁰
escapes me without some broken limb shall
acquit him well. Your brother is but young
and tender; and for your love, I would be
loath to foil him, as I must, for my own
honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my
love to you, I came hither to acquaint you
withal; that either you might stay him from
his intendment, or brook such disgrace well

The warbling Echoes wak'd from every dale and hill.
And of these archers brave there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game."

Robin Hood's mode of life is well set forth in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*.—H. N. H.

as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 150

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles:—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret 160 and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure 170 thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll

never wrestle for prize more: and so, God 180
keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*]

Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall
see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know
not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet
he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned;
full of noble device; of all sorts enchant-
ingly beloved; and indeed so much in the
heart of the world, and especially of my
own people, who best know him, that I am 190
altogether misprised: but it shall not be so
long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing
remains but that I kindle the boy thither;
which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be
merry.

183. "*Gamester*"; that is, frolicsome fellow.—H. N. H.

194. "*which now I'll go about*"; upon this passage Coleridge has a very characteristic remark: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths, which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."—H. N. H.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, 10
thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he 20
dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport 30
withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety

17. "*condition of my estate*"; state of my fortune.—C. H. H.

of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 40

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 50

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the 60

fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 70

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Aye, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 80

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest? 90

70. "*a certain knight*"; this joke had already appeared in the old play of *Damon and Pithias*.—C. H. H.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Act 'I. Sc. ii.

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes 100 a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

91. "*old Frederick*"; *old* is here used merely as a term of familiarity; not meaning *aged*.—H. N. H.

93. The Folio prefixes "*Rosalind*" to the speech: Theobald first proposed the change to "*Celia*," and he has been followed by most editors. Capell suggested "*Fernandine*" for "*Frederick*" in the previous speech. Shakespeare does not give us the name of Rosalind's father; he is generally referred to as "*Duke Senior*"; Celia's father is mentioned as "*Frederick*" in two other places (l. 259 of this scene, and V. iv. 166). One has, however, a shrewd suspicion that Touchstone is referring to the exiled king as "*old Frederick*," and that Rosalind speaks the words "*my father's love is enough to honour him*"; the expression is so much in harmony with her subsequent utterance, ll. 260–263.

"My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul."

And again, in the next scene, l. 32:—

"The Duke my father loved his father dearly."—I. G.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news? 110

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell. 120

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried. 130

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

118. "*laid on with a trowel*"; this is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do anything without delicacy. If a man flatter grossly, it is a common expression to say, he *lays it on with a trowel*.—H. N. H.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with ¹⁴⁰ Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that ¹⁵⁰ the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 160

138. "*with bills on their necks*"; so in the old copies; but most editors are agreed that these words probably belong to *Le Beau's* speech, though the matter is not deemed so clear as to warrant a change. *Bills* were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their *necks*, not on their shoulders. Of course there is a quibble on the word *bills*, the latter part of the speech referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words,—"*Be it known unto all men by these presents.*"—H. N. H.

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks success- 170
fully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Aye, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him. 180

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

176. "*such odds in the man*"; so in the original, meaning, of course, the man is so unequal. *Man* is usually but needlessly altered to *men*. —H. N. H.

183. "*the princess calls for you*"; this is the only authorized text. The usual reading is, "*the princesses call for you*"; the text being thus changed, to make it agree with *them* in the next line. But the

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 190

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall 200 not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much

truth is, only *one* of the ladies calls for Orlando; and he says *them*, because he *sees* two, not because the request comes from them both.—H. N. H.

194. "*your eyes; our judgment*"; Coleridge says,—“Surely it should be ‘*our eyes*’ and ‘*our judgment*’”; whereas the speaker’s design apparently is, to compliment Orlando; the reverse of which would be the case in the reading proposed. The meaning, therefore, seems to be, that his own eyes and judgment, if he would use them about himself, would give him better counsel than he is following.—H. N. H.

205. This *wherein* is not a little in the way. Some have understood it as referring to *thoughts*; which is clearly wrong. The only meaning it can well bear is that of *since*, or *in that*. We are apt to think that the printer’s eye caught the *wherein* just below, and thus inserted it here out of place. To our mind the sense would run much clearer, should we leave out the first *wherein*, put

guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that 210 is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you! 220

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should 230 not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

a period after *thoughts*, and a semicolon after *any thing*. Nevertheless, we adhere to the original.—H. N. H.

230. "*You mean*"; Theobald proposed "*An' you mean*," and the Cambridge editors suggested that "*and*" for "*an'*" (=if) may be the right reading, omitted by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage-direction "*Orl. and*" for "*Orland*."—I. G.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Act I. Sc. ii.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the
strong fellow by the leg [They wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can
tell who should down.

[Shout. Charles is thrown.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet 240
well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name,
young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of
Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man
else:

The world esteem'd thy father honorable, 250
But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this
deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fair thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

248. "*I would thou hadst,*" etc. In Lodge, on the contrary, when Rosader named his father, "the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers entreated him with all favourable courtesies." Shakespeare's alteration helps to explain both Orlando's flight to Arden, and Rosalind's interest in him as the son of her father's friend.—C. H. H.

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that
calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul, ²⁶⁰
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well de-
served:

If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy. 271

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Aye. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here
stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my
fortunes; 280

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel 290
you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners; 300

But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

301. "*the taller*"; but Rosalind is later on described as "*more than common tall*," and Celia as "*the woman low, and browner than her brother*": probably "*taller*" is a slip of Shakespeare's pen: "*shorter*," "*smaller*," "*lesser*," "*lower*," have been variously proposed; of these "*lesser*" strikes one perhaps as most Shakespearian.—I. G.

To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake; 310
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III

A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have
mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs; throw some of them at me;
come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up;
when the one should be lamed with reasons
and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father.

O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away. 20

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son? 30

11. "*my child's father*"; so in the original. Rowe suggested that it should be "*my father's child*," and that reading has been adopted in several editions. Coleridge says,—"*Who can doubt that it is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? A most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason;—and besides, what a strange thought, and how out of place, and unintelligible!*" With these remarks we fully agree, yet do not feel at liberty to admit the change.—H. N. H.

21. "*hem and have him*." Rosalind probably said *ha'im* or *hae'm*, this colloquial pronunciation of *have* and its parts being occasionally used by Shakespeare even in verse, where the fuller form is written. As in *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 1:—

Our grandam earth *having* this distemperature.—C. H. H.

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father
dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should
love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,
I should hate him, for my father hated his
father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve
well? 40

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you
love him because I do. Look, here comes
the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest
haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles, 50
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,

36. "*hated his father dearly*"; Shakespeare's use of *dear* in a double sense has been already illustrated. See *Twelfth Night*, Act v. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

40. "*deserve well*"; Celia, be it observed, has already shown that she has no sympathy with her father's crime, and she here speaks ironically, implying the severest censure upon him; her meaning apparently being,—“It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, on your principle of reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?”—H. N. H.

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with
me:

If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words, 61
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's
enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his duke-
dom;

So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends, 70
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so
much

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Aye, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor, 80

Why so am I; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat to-
 gether,

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
 smoothness,

Her very silence and her patience
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem
 more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips: 90
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is ban-
 ish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide
 yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
 Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
 mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than
 I am. 100

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
 Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
 Duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet
girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly, 110
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon
you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me
out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. 120

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart

112. "*change*," &c., Folio 1; the other Folios read "*charge*," i. e. "burden," probably the true reading.—I. G.

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there
will— 130

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal 140
The clownish fool out of your father's
court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

133. "*outface it*"; put others out of countenance.—C. H. H.

139. There has been much discussion of the scansion of this line; several critics, in their anxiety to save Shakespeare from the serious charge of using a false quantity, propose to accent "*Aliena*" on the penultimate, but for all that it seems most likely that the line is to be read—

"*No lóng/er Cél/ya bút / Ali/ena.*"—I. G.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

*The Forest of Arden.**Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
 woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 'This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;

5. "*here feel we but*"; Theobald first conjectured "*but*" for "*not*" of the Folios, and his emendation has been accepted by many scholars, though violently opposed by others. Most of the discussions turn on "*the penalty of Adam*," which ordinarily suggests toil—"in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"—but in this passage Shakespeare makes the penalty to be "*the seasons' difference*," *cp. Paradise Lost*, x. 678, 9:—

"*Else had the spring Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers.*"
 —I. G

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
 I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

13-14. "*like the toad, ugly and venomous,*" &c. A favorite Euphuistic conceit, *e. g.* "*The foule toade hath a faire stone in his head,*" Euphues, p. 53 (ed. Arber), based on an actual belief in toad-stones. The origin of the belief is traced back to Pliny's description of a stone as "of the colour of a frog."—I. G.

14. The "*precious jewel*" in the toad's head was not his bright eye, as is sometimes supposed, but one of the "secret wonders of nature," which exist no longer "in the faith of reason." According to Edward Fenton, it was found in the heads of old, and large, and especially he toads, and was of great value for its moral and medicinal virtues. Of course so precious a thing, being rather hard to find, was often counterfeited, and there was an infallible test for distinguishing the counterfeit from the true: "You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap towards it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone."—H. N. H.

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
 Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift
 brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
 'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
 As worldings do, giving thy sum of more

39. "*tears coursed*," etc.; it was an ancient notion that a deer, being closely pursued, "fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and *wepeth*, when he is take." Drayton in the thirteenth song of his *Poly-Olbion* has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up with an allusion to the same matter:

"He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
 Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."

And in a note upon the passage he adds,—"*The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine.*"—H. N. H.

To that which had too much:' then, being there
alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; 50

"Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part

The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him

And never stays to greet him; 'Aye,' quoth

Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we 60

Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what 's worse,

To fright the animals and to kill them up

In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place!

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he 's full of matter.

First Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

49. "to that which had too much"; so in 3 Henry VI, Act v. sc. 4:

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much."—H. N. H.

51. "part"; shut out.—C. H. H.

52. "flux"; flow.—C. H. H.

SCENE II

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their
mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so
oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much com-
mend

The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,

3. "*Are of consent and sufferance in this*"; have connived at and permitted it. A legal phrase.—C. H. H.

And let not search and inquisition quail 20
 To bring again these foolish runaways.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who 's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong and
 valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before
 you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

8. "bonny"; big, burly.—C. H. H.

12. "no more do yours," a somewhat loose construction, but one easily understood, the force of the previous sentence being "to some kind of men their graces serve them not as friends."—I. G.

15. "Envenoms"; acts as a poison upon (not "makes poisonous").—C. H. H.

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:

Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—

Yet not the son, I will not call him son, 20

Of him I was about to call his father,—

Hath heard your praises, and this night he
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie

And you within it: if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off.

I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me
go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown:

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60
 And having that do choke their service up
 Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

50. "*unbashful*"; immodest, unchaste.—C. H. H.

65. "*in lieu of*"; in return for.—H. N. H.

68. "*content*"; contented state.—C. H. H.

71. "*seventeen*"; Rowe's emendation for "*seaventie*" of the Folios.
 —I. G.



TOUCHSTONE: Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I—
Act II, Scene 4.

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week:
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for
 Aliena, and Touchstone.*

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
 were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my
 man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but
 I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet
 and hose ought to show itself courageous to
 petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no
 further. 10

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with
 you than bear you: yet I should bear no
 cross, if I did bear you; for I think you
 have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

1. "*weary*"; Theobald's emendation for "*merry*" of the Folios, and generally adopted; some scholars are in favor of the Folio reading, and put it down to Rosalind's assumed merriment; her subsequent confession as to her weariness must then be taken as an aside.—I. G.

Touch. Aye, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travelers must be content.

Ros. Aye, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man 20
and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so, 30
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved: 40
Of if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

30. "*As*"; though.—C. H. H.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. 50 60

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man If he for gold will give us any food: I faint almost to death.

45. "*searching*"; probing.—C. H. H.

55. "*from whom*," i. e. from the peascod; similarly "*her*" in the next line: he was wooing the peascod instead of his mistress.—I. G.

56. "*with weeping tears*"; tears of weeping, a tautological phrase, used seriously by Lodge in the *Rosalynd*, but not peculiar to him.—C. H. H.

Touch. Holla, you clown! 70

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her 81

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;

But I am shepherd to another man

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:

My master is of churlish disposition

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now, 90

By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere-while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

95. "fleeces"; flocks.—C. H. H.

Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this
place, 100

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

The forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

99. "*have to pay*"; have wherewith to pay.—C. H. H.

101. "*waste*"; spend.—C. H. H.

3. "*turn*," so the Folios: Pope substituted "*tune*," but the change is unnecessary; according to Steevens "*to turn a tune or note*" is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians.—I. G.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur 10
Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel
sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot
please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do de-
sire you to sing. Come, more; another
stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please my-
self.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you; but that they call compliment is
like the encounter of two dog-apes, and
when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I
have given him a penny and he renders me
the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you 30
that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the

19. "*stanzo*"; this form (as well, apparently, as *stanze*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, iv. 2. 113) was in occasional use for the still exotic and unfamiliar *stanza*.—C. H. H.

21. "*owe me nothing*"; this has the appearance of being a legal phrase, and Mr. Caldecott says it refers to the words *nomina facere*, in the Roman law. In the *Pandects*, *nomina facere* means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the names of the parties are entered. Cicero uses *nomina facere* for to lend money, and *nomen solvere* for to pay a debt; and in *Livy* we have *nomen transcribere in alium* for to transfer a debt to another.—H. N. H.



AMIENS: Under the Greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me—*Act II, Scene 5.*

while; the Duke will drink under this tree.
He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company: I
think of as many matters as he; but I give
heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun, 41
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I
made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

34. "look"; look for.—C. H. H.

Ami. What's that 'duc dame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VI

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it

63. "*I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.*" According to Johnson "*the first-born of Egypt*" was a proverbial expression for high-born persons, but it has not been found elsewhere. Nares suggests that perhaps Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented persons, rail against his betters. There is no doubt some subtler meaning in the words, and the following is possibly worthy of consideration:— Jaques says if he cannot sleep he'll rail again all first-borns, for it is the question of birthright which has caused him "leave his wealth and ease," merely as he had previously put it "to please a stubborn will"; this idea has perhaps suggested Pharaoh's stubbornness, and by some such association "all first-borns" became "all the first-born of Egypt"; or, by mere association, the meaningless tag "*of Egypt*" is added by Jaques to round off the phrase, and to give it some sort of color.—I. G.

or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.* 10 19]

SCENE VII

The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

10. "comfortable"; of good cheer.—C. H. H.

15. "well said"; a phrase of the time, meaning the same as our *well done!*—H. N. H.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10

What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No sir,' quoth he,

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

19. Touchstone of course alludes to the common saying "Fortune favours fools," *cp. Every Man out of His Humour*, I. i.:

Sogliardo. "Why, who am I, sir?"

Macilente. One of those that fortune favours.

Carlo. [*Aside*] The periphrasis of a fool."—I. G.

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did
hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a cour-
tier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his
brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places 40
cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judg-
ments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

34, 36. "*A worthy fool*" . . . "*O worthy fool*": the "*A*" and "*O*" should probably change places, according to an anonymous conjecture noted in the Cambridge Edition.—I. G.

39. "*dry*"; slow, dull. In Elizabethan physiology intellect was conceived as a kind of moisture in the brain; a "*dry jest*" was a dull one. A trace of this survives in our "*humour*."—C. H. H.

To blow on whom I please; for so fools
have;

And they that are most galled with my
folly, 50

They most must laugh. And why, sir, must
they so?

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:

He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomized

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and
through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst
do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding
sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

55. "*Not to seem*"; the words "*not to*" were first added by Theobald: the Folios read "*seem*"; Collier, following his MS. corrections, proposed "*but to seem*"; the meaning is the same in both cases. Mr. Furness follows Ingleby in maintaining the correctness of the text, and paraphrases thus:—"He who is hit the hardest by me must laugh the hardest, and that he must do so is plain; because if he is a wise man he must seem foolishly senseless of the bob by laughing it off. Unless he does this, viz., shows his insensibility by laughing it off, any chance hit of the fool will expose every nerve and fibre of his folly."—I. G.

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with license of free foot has
 caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general
 world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 70

That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the weary very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then; how then? what then? Let me see
 wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him
 right,

73. "*the weary very means*," the reading of the Folios (Folios 1 and 2, "*wearie*"; Folios 3, 4, "*weary*"). Pope proposed "*very very*"; Collier (MS.) "*the very means of wear*"; Staunton, "*weary-very*," or "*very-weary*." Others maintain the correctness of the original reading, and explain, "until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb." A very plausible emendation was suggested by Singer, viz., "*wearer's*" for "*weary*," and it has rightly been adopted by several editors: *cp. Henry VIII*, I. i. 83-5:—

"O, many

*Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
 For this great journey."*—I. G.

Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes
 here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? . 90

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
 And know some nurture. But forbear; I say:

87. "*Unclaimed of any man*"; Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* was first acted in 1599, and probably written before *As You Like It*. The character of Asper, wherein the author clearly personates himself, is in some respects quite similar to that of Jaques; insomuch that a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* thinks the latter to have been meant partly as a satire upon the former. Asper's satire is perfectly scorching, his avowed purpose being to "strip the ragged follies of the time naked as at their birth"; and the Induction has some lines bearing so strong a resemblance to this speech of Jaques', as might well suggest that the Poet had them in his mind:

"If any here chance to behold himself,
 Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
 For, if he shame to have his follies known,
 First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
 Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
 Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
 As lick up every idle vanity."—H. N. H.

He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered. 99

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible, 110

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear

And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be: 118

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword. 119

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our
eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and
hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good com-
fort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage 139
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,

139. "*Wherein we play in*"; pleonasm of this kind were by no means uncommon in the writers of Shakespeare's age. Thus Baret: "I was afearde to what end his talke would come to." In *Coriolanus*, Act ii. sc. 1: "*In what enormity is Marcius poor in?*" And in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Chorus: "That fair *for* which love groan'd *for*." And a little before in this scene: "*Of what kind should this cock come of?*"—H. N. H.

His acts being seven ages. At first the
 infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like
 snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a sol-
 dier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
 pard, 150
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quar-
 rel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth And then the
 justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,

143. "*seven ages*"; in the old play of *Damon and Pythias* we have,—"Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts." In *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, is a division of the life of man into *seven ages*, said to be taken from Proclus; and it appears from Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, that Hippocrates also divided man's life into seven degrees or stages, though he differs from *Proclus* in the number of years allotted to each stage. Dr. Henley mentions an old emblematical print, entitled *The Stage of Man's Life* divided into Seven Ages, from which he thinks Shakespeare more likely to have taken his hint than from Hippocrates or Proclus; but he does not tell us that this print was of Shakespeare's age. The Poet has again referred to it in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
 A stage where every man must play his part."—H. N. H.

144. "*Mewling*"; squalling.—C. H. H.

148. "*ballad*"; lyric (in general, including the sonnet, then the fashionable form of love-lay).—C. H. H.

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too
 wide 160
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every
 thing.

Re-enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
 burthen,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;

163. "*his*"; its.—C. H. H.

165. "*mere*" complete.—C. H. H.

Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude 179
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
 folly:
 Then heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh-ho! sing, &c. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
 son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
 That loved your father: the residue of your for-
 tune,
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,

178. "*because thou art not seen,*" i. e. "as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence" (Johnson): several unnecessary emendations have been proposed, e. g. "*Thou causest not that teen*" (Hanmer); "*Because thou art foreseen*" (Staunton), &c.—I. G.

189. "*As friend remember'd not,*" i. e. "as forgotten friendship," or "as what an unremembered friend feels": cp. "*benefits forgot,*" *supra*.—I. G.

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.

Support him by the arm. Give me your
hand,

And let me all your fortunes understand. 200

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call
thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out
of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

6. "*Seek him with candle*"; a reference to the parable of the lost piece of silver.—C. H. H.

Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above,

Thy huntress' name that my full life doth
sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll char-
acter;

That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. 10

[*Exit.*]

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is
a good life; but in respect that it is a shep-
herd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is
solitary, I like it very well; but in respect

that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits 20 my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; 30 that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side. 40

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never

32. "*of good breeding*"; of the want of good breeding.—C. H. H.

40. "*all on one side*"; merely completes the description of the ill-roasted egg. "Shakespeare's similes," says Malone, "seldom run on four feet." "Similes seldom do, and Shakespeare sometimes exhibits the inadequacy of an image by the vividness with which he sees it" (J. C. Smith).—C. H. H.

sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds. 50

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come. 60

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 70

55. "Instance"; give your reason.—C. H. H.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, 80
get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind, 100
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together,
dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours ex-
cepted: it is the right butter-women's rank
to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

110

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

120

This is the very false gallop of verses: why
do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace you dull fool! I found them on a
tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall

124. "*the very false gallop,*" cp. Nashe's *Four Letters Confuted*, "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort his rime dogrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobling like a Brewer's Cart upon the stones, and observe no length in their feet."—I. G.

graft it with a medlar: then it will be the ¹³⁰
earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be
rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the
right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or
no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*reads*]

Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I 'll hang on every tree, 140

That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalina write, 150

Teaching all that read to know

131. "*earliest fruit in the country*"; upon this passage Steevens remarks,—“Shakespeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening: the medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November.” True, O George! and Shakespeare most manifestly knew it. Do not the words,—“*Then it will be the earliest fruit,*”—clearly infer that it is not so *now*? Moreover, though the *latest* of fruits to *ripen*, is it not one of the *earliest* to *rot*? and does not Rosalind mean that when the tree is grafted with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever?—H. N. H.

The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show.
 Therefore Heaven Nature charged
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide-enlarged:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part, 160
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised;
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious
 homily of love have you wearied your par-
 ishioners withal, and never cried 'Have 170
 patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go
 off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honor-
 able retreat; though not with bag and bag-
 gage, yet with script and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;

153. "*in little*"; in miniature.—C. H. H.

156. "*wide-enlarged*"; dispersed through the world.—C. H. H.

168. "*pulpiter*"; Spedding's suggestion for "*Jupiter*" of the Folios.
 —I. G.

for some of them had in them more feet than
the verses would bear. 180

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the
verses.

Ros. Aye, but the feet were lame and could
not bear themselves without the verse and
therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering
how thy name should be hanged and carved
upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the
wonder before you came; for look here what 190
I found on a palm tree. I was never so be-
rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was
an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about
his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for
friends to meet; but mountains may be re- 200
moved with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

179. "*some of them had in them more feet,*" etc. It is Rosalind's cue to be captious; but her criticism may be explained (though not justified) by the interchange of iambic and trochaic rhythm.—C. H. H.

201. "*and so encounter*"; in Holland's translation of Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two hills removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise."—H. N. H.

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have ²¹⁰ a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. 220

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the ²³⁰ wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked ²⁴⁰ he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say aye and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 250

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. 260

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

255. "*propositions*"; questions.—C. H. H.

259. "*Jove's tree*"; the oak was anciently sacred to Zeus or Jupiter.
—C. H. H.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. 270

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, 280
I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just. 290

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

270. "to kill my heart"; a quibble between *hart* and *heart*, then spelled the same.—H. N. H.

275. "bring me out"; put me out.—C. H. H.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right, painted cloth, from whence you have studied your ³⁰⁰ questions?

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery?

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you. 310

Jaq. By my troth. I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good ³²⁰ Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play

298. "out of rings"; i. e. out of the mottoes or "posies" of rings.—
C. H. H.

the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day:
there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest;
else sighing every minute and groaning ³³⁰
every hour would detect the lazy foot of
Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had
not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers
paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who
Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal,
who Time gallops withal and who he stands
still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal? 340

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid
between the contract of her marriage and
the day it is solemnized: if the interim be
but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it
seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich
man that hath not the gout; for the one
sleeps easily because he cannot study, and
the other lives merrily because he feels no ³⁵⁰
pain; the one lacking the burden of lean
and wasteful learning, the other knowing
no burden of heavy tedious penury: these
Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ³⁶⁰ sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you ³⁷⁰ could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal. 380

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

374. "inland man"; that is, civilized. See Act ii. sc. 7.—H. N. H.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants³⁹⁰ with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon⁴⁰⁰ you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then⁴¹⁰ your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in

405. "*a blue eye*"; that is, a blueness about the eyes, an evidence of anxiety and dejection.—H. N. H.

your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her 420
that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he. 430

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 440

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, in-

constant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for ⁴⁵⁰ the most part cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's ⁴⁶⁰ heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in ⁴⁷⁰ the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

455. "*living*," i. e. lasting, permanent; the antithesis seems to require "*loving*," which has been substituted by some editors: it is noteworthy that in some half-dozen instances in Shakespeare "*live*" has been printed for "*love*," but it is questionable whether any change is justifiable here.—I. G.

SCENE III

*The forest.**Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse 10
than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the 20
most feigning; and lovers are given to

1. "*Audrey*" is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.—H. N. H.

5, 6. "*your features!* . . . *what features?*" Farmer's conjecture, "*feature!* . . . *what's feature?*" seems singularly plausible; *cp.* l. 18, "*I do not know what 'poetical' is.*"—I. G.

10. "*ill-inhabited*"; ill-lodged.—C. H. H.

poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 30

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 40

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

33. A "*material fool*" is a fool with matter in him.—H. N. H.

40. "*I am foul*"; honest Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair*; that is, for *plain*, *homely*. She had good authority for doing so. Thus, in Thomas' *History of Italy*: "If the maiden be *fair*, she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul*, they advance her with a better portion."—H. N. H.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a 50
fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for
here we have no temple but the wood,
no assembly but horn-beasts. But what
though? Courage! As horns are odious,
they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man
knows no end of his goods:' right; many a
man has good horns, and knows no end of
them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife;
'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even 60
so:—poor men alone? No, no; the noblest
deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is
the single man therefore blessed? No: as
a walled town is more worthier than a vil-
lage, so is the forehead of a married man
more honorable than the bare brow of a
bachelor; and by how much defense is better
than no skill, by so much is a horn more pre-
cious than to want. Here comes Sir Oli-
ver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will 70
you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall
we go with you to your chapel?

Sir. Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the mar-
riage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-

call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: 80
I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest 90
that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. 100

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

85. "*her*," so Folios 1, 2; "*his*," Folios 3, 4: the female bird was the falcon; the male was called "tercel" or "tassel."—I. G.

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee. 110

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*
Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical
knave of them all shall flout me out of my
calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to
consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; there-
fore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry,
his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color. 10

Cel. An excellent color: your chestnut was ever
the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as
the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of
Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses

not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? 20

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was. 30

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? 40

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one

side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but
all's brave that youth mounts and folly
guides. Who comes here? 50

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, 60
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,

48. "noble goose"; Hanmer substituted "nose-quilled" for "noble," which is, of course, used ironically.—I. G.

Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;

Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee: 20

Scratch thee but with a pin and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

6. "*But first begs*"; without first begging.—C. H. H.

7. "*dies and lives*," i. e. "lives and dies," i. e. "subsists from the cradle to the grave"; the inversion of the words seems to have been an old idiom; cp. *Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 5,790:—

*"With sorwe they both die and live,
That unto Richesse her hertis yive."*

Other passages in later literature might be adduced where the exigencies of meter do not exist.—I. G.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Act III. Sc. v.

The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine
 eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time
comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have
no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40

40. "*proud and pitiless*"; the commentators have made much ado over this innocent passage, all of which only goes to show that they did not understand it. Some would strike out *no* before *beauty*, others would change it into *no*, or *more*: whereas the peculiar force of the passage is, that Rosalind, wishing to humble Phebe, takes for granted that she is herself aware she has no beauty, and is therefore proud, even because she has none. Rosalind knows that to tell her she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her prouder; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud be-

Why, what means this? Why do you look on
me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and
rain? 50

You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman; 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd chil-
dren:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your
knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's
love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all
markets. 60

cause she lacks it. Need we add, that the best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have anything to be proud of?—H. N. H.

43. "*sale-work*"; ready-made goods.—C. H. H.

46. Dark hair and brows were disparaged at the court of the auburn-haired queen.—C. H. H.

48. "*to your worship*"; to adore you.—C. H. H.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me? 70

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,

None could be so abused in sight as he. 80
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

62. "*being foul to be a scoffer*"; that is, the ugly seem most ugly, when, as if proud of their ugliness, they set up for scoffers.—H. N. H.

66. "*in love with your foulness*"; the first clause of this sentence is addressed to Phebe; the other to the rest of the company. *Your* is commonly changed to *her*; whereas the very strength of the speech lies in its being spoken to the person herself.—H. N. H.

83. "*who ever loved*," etc.; this line is from the first Sestiad of

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both exterminated.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly? 90

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness,
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art em-
ploy'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100

Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander*, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection. The passage runs as follows:

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win:
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"—H. N. H.

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and
then

A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; 110
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that
hear.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride be-
comes him:

He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the
difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair
black; 130

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

*The forest.**Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.*

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post. 10

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in 20

which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry ³⁰ than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I ⁴⁰ will scarce think you have swom in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

41. "*swom in a gondola*"; that is, been at Venice, then the resort of all travelers, as Paris now. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of our youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Quo Vadis?* to stem the fashion.—H. N. H.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. 50

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Aye, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him. 60

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortunes and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous. 70

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and

when you were graveled for lack of matter, 80
 you might take occasion to kiss. Very good
 orators, when they are out, they will spit;
 and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—
 matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there
 begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved
 mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your 90
 mistress, or I should think my honesty
 ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of
 your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I
 would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have
 you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die. 100

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor
 world is almost six thousand years old, and
 in all this time there was not any man died
 in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause.
 Troilus had his brains dashed out with a
 Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die
 before, and he is one of the patterns of love.
 Leander, he would have lived many a fair

92. "*ranker*"; greater. If she did not discomfit Orlando, her wit
 must be less than her virtue.—C. H. H.

101. "by attorney"; by proxy.—C. H. H.

year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, ¹¹⁰ good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 120

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Aye, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou? 130

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife ¹⁴⁰
this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Aye, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind,
for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but
I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:
there's a girl goes before the priest; and ¹⁵⁰
certainly a woman's thought runs before her
actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her
after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day', without the 'ever'. No, no,
Orlando; men are April when they woo,
December when they wed: maids are May
when they are maids, but the sky changes ¹⁶⁰
when they are wives. I will be more jealous
of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his
hen, more clamorous than a parrot against
rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more
giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will
weep for nothing, like Diana in the foun-
tain, and I will do that when you are dis-

150. "*there's a girl goes before the priest*"; that is, goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what was to be said first by Celia.—H. N. H.

166. "*like Diana in the fountain.*" Stowe mentions in his *Survey of London* (1603) that there was set up in 1596 on the east side of

posed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,
and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so? 170

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do
this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the
doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at
the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the
key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke
out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he
might say 'Wit, whither wilt?' 180

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till
you met your wife's wit going to your
neighbor's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that.

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there.
You shall never take her without her an-
swer, unless you take her without her
tongue. O, that woman that cannot make
her fault her husband's occasion, let her
never nurse her child herself, for she will 190
breed it like a fool!

the cross in Cheapside "a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast." It is very doubtful whether Shakespeare is referring to this particular "Diana," as some have supposed.—I. G.

186. "*without her answer*"; this bit of satire is also to be found in Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, where Proserpine says of women on like occasion:

"For lacke of answere none of us shall dien."—H. N. H.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Aye, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flat-²⁰⁰tering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Aye, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call²¹⁰ Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [Exit Orlando.]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and²²⁰

214. "religion"; strict observance.—C. H. H.

219. "misused"; abused.—C. H. H.

hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my preety little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 230

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a

branch of victory. Have you no song, for-
ester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so
it make noise enough. 10

SONG

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

6. "branch"; a quibble, the term being also applied to the stag's antlers.—C. H. H.

13. The words "*Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden,*" are printed as one line in the Folios. Theobald was the first to re-arrange, as in the text. Knight, Collier, Dyce, and others take the whole to be a stage-direction. Knight first called attention to the fact that possibly the original music for this song is to be found in John Hilton's "*Catch that Catch Can; or, a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds,*" &c., 1652 (printed Furness, p. 230, 231).—I. G.

SCENE III

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action 10
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love
me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd,
well, 20

2. "*much Orlando*"; *much* is used ironically; as we still say,—
"A good deal you will,"—meaning, of course, "No, you won't."—
H. N. H.

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents.

Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,

And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,

A freestone-color'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her
hands:

She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:

I say she never did invent this letter;

This is a man's invention and his hand. 30

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers; why, she defies me,

Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude inven-
tion,

Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect

Than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant
writes. 40

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,

That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,

Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast. 50

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:

And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind 60
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.

Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to
make thee an instrument and play false
strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, 70
go your way to her, for I see love hath made
thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that
if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if
she will not, I will never have her unless thou
entreat for her. If you be a true lover,

54. "*aspect*"; appearance. An astrological term.—C. H. H.

60. "*youth and kind*"; youthful nature.—C. H. H.

hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees? 80

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor
bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the
place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is
fair,

Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low, 90
And browner than her brother'. Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

78. "*fair ones*"; Mr. Wright suggests that perhaps we should read "*fair one*," and Mr. Furness assents to the view that "Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Celia was apparently the only woman present." But surely it is noteworthy that Oliver a few lines lower down gives the description:—"The boy is fair," &c.—I. G.

90. "*like a ripe sister: the woman low*"; the pause at the woman low cæsura takes the place of a syllable.—I. G.

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd. 100

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with
age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with
hair, 110

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed it-
self,
Who with her head nimble in threats ap-
proach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

104. "*chewing the food*," usually quoted as "*chewing the cud*," a correction of the line first suggested by Scott (*cp.* Introduction to *Quentin Durward*).—I. G.

107. "*an oak*." Pope's almost certain correction for *an old Oake* (Ff.), which renders the next line otiose.—C. H. H.

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for
'tis 120

The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

This seen, Orlando did approach the man

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there, 130
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,

122. "*To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead*"; the bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical licence, which the critics of course have not failed to grow big withal. Perhaps they did not see that the very grossness of the thing proves it to have been designed. By this irregular combination of actual things he informs the whole with deal effect, giving to this charming issue of his brain "a local habitation and a name," that it may link in with our flesh-and-blood sympathies, and at the same time turning it into a wild, wonderful, remote, fairy-land region, where all sorts of poetical things may take place without the slightest difficulty. Of course Shakespeare would not have done thus, but that he saw quite through the grand critical humbug, which makes the proper effect of a work of art depend upon our belief in the actual occurrence of the thing represented.—H. N. H.

134. "*his just occasion*"; his legitimate opportunity of revenge.—C. H. H.

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him? 140

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly
bathed,

As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertain-
ment, 150

Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he
fainted

And cried, in faintings, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at
heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse 160
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm? 170

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you. 180

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will 190
you go? [*Exeunt.*

179. "a passion of earnest"; unfeigned emotion.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I

*The forest.**Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Aye, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

10

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

20

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Aye, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise? 30

Will. Aye, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 40

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he. 50

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman.

Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into 60 death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away! 70

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

SCENE II

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, woo-

64. "*policy*"; stratagem.—C. H. H.

ing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that 10 we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind. 20

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

4. "*will you persevere*," etc.; Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot. In Lodge's novel the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians; without this circumstance the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.—H. N. H.

22. "*fair sister*"; Oliver addresses "Ganymede" thus for he is Orlando's counterfeit Rosalind (*cp.* IV. iii. 95). Some interpreters of Shakespeare are of opinion that Oliver knows the whole secret of the situation.—I. G.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded
with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counter-
feited to swoon when he showed me your 30
handkercher?

Orl. Aye, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true:
there was never any thing so sudden but the
fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical
brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for
your brother and my sister no sooner met
but they looked; no sooner looked but they
loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no
sooner sighed but they asked one another 40
the reason; no sooner knew the reason but
they sought the remedy: and in these de-
grees have they made a pair of stairs to
marriage which they will climb incontinent,
or else be incontinent before marriage: they
are in the very wrath of love and they will
together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I
will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O,
how bitter a thing it is to look into happi- 50
ness, through another man's eyes! By so
much the more shall I to-morrow be at the
height of heart-heaviness, by how much I
shall think my brother happy in having what
he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve
your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I 60
speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a ma- 70
gician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings? 80

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore,

81. "*which I tender dearly*"; probably an allusion to the Act "against Conjuracons, Inchantments, and Witchcraftes," passed under Elizabeth, which enacted that all persons using witchcraft, &c., whereby death ensued, should be put to death without benefit of clergy, &c.—I. G.

82. "*I am a magician*"; she alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practicing magic, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. The Poet refers to his own times, when it would have brought her life in danger.—H. N. H.

put you in your best array; bid your friends;
for if you will be married to-morrow, you
shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover
of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: 90
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to
love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe. 100

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy.
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede. 110

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?' 120

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

[*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To*

Phe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*]

I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*]

I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To* 130

Sil.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.

[*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet:

and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

113. "*to love you*"; for loving you.—C. H. H.

119. "*Who do you speak to*"; Rowe's emendation for the folio reading "*Why do you speak too*."—C. H. H.

123. Wolves were still found in Ireland. In England they had become extinct in the previous century.—C. H. H.

SCENE III

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey;
to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it will all my heart; and I hope
it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a
woman of the world. Here come two of
the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit,
and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle. 10

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, with-
out hawking or spitting or saying we are
hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad
voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune,
like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

17. Chappell printed the music of the song from a MS., now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century (*cp.* Furness, pp. 262, 263). In the Folios the last stanza is made the second. Mr. Roffe is of opinion that Shakespeare contemplated a trio between the Pages and Touchstone.—I. G.

That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring
 time. 20

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye.
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower
 In spring time, &c. 30

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there
 was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note
 was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept
 time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time 40
 lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi'
 you; and God mend your voices! Come,
 Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they
fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is
urged:

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give
with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring
her.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful
shepherd?

4. "*As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*" A large number of unnecessary emendations have been proposed for this plausible reading of the Folios; *e. g.* "*fear, they hope, and know they fear*"; "*fear their hope and hope their fear*"; "*fear their hope and know their fear,*" &c. The last of these gives the meaning of the line as it stands in the text.—I. G.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: 20
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark. Here
comes a pair of very strange beasts, which
in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

34. "*Obscured*"; hidden; with a suggestion of the charmed "circle" within which the magician remained invisible.—C. H. H.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is 40
the motley-minded gentleman that I have so
often met in the forest: he hath been a
courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me
to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I
have flattered a lady; I have been politic with
my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have
undone three tailors; I have had four quar-
rels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up? 50

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel
was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like
this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the
like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest
of the country copulatives, to swear and to
forswear; according as marriage binds and
blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-fav- 60
ored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor
of mine, sir, to take that that no man else
will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in
a poor house; as your pearl in your foul
oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and
sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and
such dulcet diseases.

68. "*a fool's bolt*"; there was an old proverb,—"*A fool's bolt is soon shot.*" See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you 70
find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear
your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus,
sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain cour-
tier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his
beard was not cut well, he was in the mind
it was: this is called the *Retort Courteous*.
If I sent him word again 'it was not well
cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to
please himself: this is called the *Quip* 80
Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he
disabled my judgment: this is called the
Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well
cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this
is called the *Reproof Valiant*. If again 'it
was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is
called the *Countercheck Quarrelsome*: and so
to the *Lie Circumstantial* and the *Lie Di-*
rect.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not 90
well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie Cir-*
cumstantial, nor he durst not give me the
Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and
parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the de-
grees of the lie?

72. "*Upon a lie seven times removed*"; i. e. on the ground of a
mild and conciliatory contradiction (the *Retort Courteous*), sep-
arated by seven grades from the flat contradiction of *Lie Direct*.—
C. H. H.

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort ¹⁰⁰ Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Counter-check Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an ¹¹⁰ If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

98. "*we quarrel in print, by the book*"; Shakespeare probably refers to "*Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In Two Bookes. The first intreating the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels*"; printed in 1594.—I. G.

99. "*books for good manners*," e. g. "*A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpritration into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat*"; printed at London in 1554; (cp. Dr. Furnivall's *Book of Norture of John Russell, &c.*, published by the *Early English Text Society*, 1868). Cp. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 115, "*he (i. e. Laertes) is the card or calendar of gentry*," a probable allusion to the title of some such "book of manners."—I. G.

117. "*stalking-horse*"; a real or artificial horse used by sportsmen as a cover when approaching game.—C. H. H.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven, 120
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours,
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my 130
daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my **Rosa-**
lind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands 140

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

120. Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.—H. N. H.

126. "*her hand with his*"; the first and second Folios, "*his hand*"; corrected to "*her*" in the second and third Folios.—I. G.

You and you no cross shall part:
 You and you are heart in heart:
 You to his love must accord,
 Or have a woman to your lord:
 You and you are sure together,
 As the winter to foul weather.
 Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
 Feed yourselves with questioning; 150
 That reason wonder may diminish,
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
 O blessed bond of board and bed!
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
 High wedlock then be honored:
 Honor, high honor and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
 Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree. 160
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

160. "*even daughter, welcome*"; Theobald proposed "*daughter-welcome*," i. e. "*welcome as a daughter*." Folios 1, 2, 3, read "*daughter welcome*"; Folio 4, "*daughter, welcome*." The sense is clear whichever reading is adopted, though the rhythm seems in favor of the reading in the text: "O my dear niece," says the Duke, "nay, daughter, welcome to me in no less degree than daughter."—I. G.

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here and put him to the sword: 170
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
 Where meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprise and from the world;
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restored to them again

164. "*second son of old Sir Rowland*"; in the old copies this Jaques is introduced as the *Second Brother*, in accordance with what he here says of himself. Though the third brother brought into the play, he is the second in order of birth. His name is given in the first scene, and he is spoken of as being then "at school." Which might seem to make Orlando too young to have smashed up the great wrestler; but, as Mr. Verplanck observes, *school* was then a common term for any place of study or institution of learning, whether academical or professional. In Lodge's novel *Fernandine* is represented as "a *scholar* in Paris." He, also, is the second of three brothers, and, like Jaques de Bois, arrives quite at the end of the story.—H. N. H.

172. "*an old religious man*"; in Lodge's novel the usurper is not turned from his purpose by any such pious counsels, but conquered and killed by the twelve peers of France, who undertake the cause of Gerismond, their rightful king. Here is a part of Fernandine's speech: "For know, Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troop'd with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join: therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and show yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers: so shall you for the benefit of your country discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honourable a parent."—H. N. H.

That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wed-
ding: 180

To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with
us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry. 190
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms
all

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honor I be-
queath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

181. "*the other*"; Orlando.—C. H. H.

185. "*every*"; every one.—C. H. H.

[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth
merit: 201

[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great
allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. 210
[*A dance.*

208. "*To see no pastime I*"; the reader feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in this manner; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.—H. N. H.

EPILOGUE

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and,

20. "*If I were a woman*"; the part of Rosalind was of course originally taken by a boy-actor: women's parts were not taken by women till after the Restoration.—I. G.

I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt*

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- ABUSED, deceived; III. v. 80.
 ACCORD, consent; V. iv. 145.
 ADDRESS'D, prepared; V. iv. 168.
 ALL AT ONCE, all in a breath; III. v. 36.
 ALLOTTERY, allotment, allotted share; I. i. 80.
 ALL POINTS = at all points; I. iii. 127.
 AMAZE, confuse; I. ii. 121.
 AN, if; IV. i. 34.
 ANATOMIZE, expose; I. i. 174.
 ANSWERED, satisfied; II. vii. 99.
 ANTIQUE, ancient, old; II. i. 31; II. iii. 57.
 ANY, any one; I. ii. 157.
 ARGUMENT, reason; I. ii. 308.
 ARM'S END, arm's length; II. vi. 11.
 AS, to wit, namely; II. i. 6.
 ASSAY'D, attempted; I. iii. 140.
 ATALANTA'S BETTER PART; variously interpreted as referring to Atalanta's "swiftness," "beauty," "spiritual part"; probably the reference is to her beautiful form; III. ii. 160.
 ATOMIES, motes in a sunbeam; III. ii. 254.
 ATONE TOGETHER, are at one; V. iv. 122.
 BANDY, contend; V. i. 63.
 BANQUET, dessert, including wine; II. v. 65.
 BAR, forbid; V. iv. 137; "bars me," *i. e.* excludes me from; I. i. 22.
 BATLET = little bat, used by laundresses; II. iv. 52.
 BEHOLDING, beholden; IV. i. 66.
 BESTOWS HIMSELF, carries himself; IV. iii. 89.
 BETTER, greater; III. i. 2.
 BLOOD, affection; II. iii. 37; passion; V. iv. 59.
 BOB, rap, slap; II. vii. 55.
 BONNET, hat; III. ii. 411.
 BOTTOM, "neighbor b.," the neighboring dell; IV. iii. 81.
 BOUNDS, boundaries, range of pasture; II. iv. 90.
 BOW, yoke; III. iii. 84.
 BRAVERY, finery; II. vii. 80.
 BREATHED; "well breathed," in full display of my strength; I. ii. 242.
 BREATHER, living being; III. ii. 306.
 BREED, train up, educate; I. i. 4.
 BRIEF, in brief; IV. iii. 157.
 BROKE, broken; II. iv. 41.
 BROKEN MUSIC; "Some instruments such as viols, violins, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the

- result is no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'" (Chappell); I. ii. 158.
- BRUTISH, animal nature; II. vii. 66.
- BUCKLES IN, surrounds; III. ii. 145.
- BUGLE, a tube-shaped bead of black glass; III. v. 47.
- BURDEN; the "burden" of a song was the base, foot, or under-song; III. ii. 271.
- BUTCHERY, slaughter-house; II. iii. 27.
- CALLING, appellation; I. ii. 258.
- CAPABLE, sensible, receivable; III. v. 23.
- CAPON LINED, alluding to the customary gifts expected by Elizabethan magistrates, "capon justices," as they were occasionally called; II. vii. 154.
- CAPRICIOUS, used with a play upon its original sense; Ital. *capriccioso*, fantastical, goatish; *capra*, a goat; III. iii. 8.
- CARLOT, little churl, rustic; III. v. 108.
- CAST, cast off; III. iv. 15.
- CENSURE, criticism; IV. i. 7.
- CHANGE, reversal of fortune; I. iii. 112.
- CHANTICLEER, the cock; II. vii. 30.
- CHARACTER, write; III. ii. 6.
- CHEERLY, cheerily; II. vi. 15.
- CHOPT, chapped; II. iv. 53.
- CHRONICLERS (Folio 1 "chronoclers") perhaps used for the "jurymen," but the spelling of Folio 1 suggests "coroners" for "chroniclers"; IV. i. 113.
- CHURLISH, miserly; II. iv. 87.
- CICATRICE, a mere mark (not the scar of a wound); III. iv. 23.
- CITY-WOMAN, citizen's wife; II. vii. 75.
- CIVIL; "c. sayings," sober, grave maxims, perhaps "polite"; III. ii. 141.
- CIVILITY, politeness; II. vii. 96.
- CLAP INTO 'T, to begin a song briskly; V. iii. 11.
- CLUBS, the weapon used by the London prentices, for the preservation of the public peace, or for the purposes of riot; V. ii. 47.
- CODS, strictly the husks containing the peas; perhaps here used for "peas"; II. iv. 55.
- COLOR, nature, kind; I. ii. 113-14.
- COMBINE, bind; V. iv. 162.
- COME OFF, get off; I. ii. 34.
- COMFORT, take comfort; II. vi. 5.
- COMMANDMENT, command; II. vii. 109.
- COMPACT, made up, composed; II. vii. 5.
- COMPLEXION; "good my c.," perhaps little more than the similar exclamation "goodness me!" or "good heart!" possibly, however, Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her; III. ii. 209.
- CONCEIT, imagination; II. vi. 8; mental capacity; V. ii. 62.
- CONDITION, mood; I. ii. 293.
- CONDUCT, leadership; V. iv. 169.
- CONNED, learnt by heart; III. ii. 298.
- CONSTANT, accustomed, ordinary; III. v. 123.
- CONTENTS; "if truth holds true c." i. e. "if there be truth in truth"; V. iv. 142.
- CONTRIVER, plotter; I. i. 161.
- CONVERSE, associated; V. ii. 70.
- CONVERTITES, converts; V. iv. 197.
- CONY, rabbit; III. ii. 368.

COPE, engage with; II. i. 67.

COPULATIVES, those desiring to be united in marriage; V. iv. 58.

COTE; "*cavenne de bergier*"; a shepherd's cote; a little cottage or cabin made of turfs, straw, boughs, or leaves" (*Cotgrave*); II. iv. 90.

COULD, would gladly; I. ii. 274.

COUNTENANCE; "his countenance" probably = "his entertainment of me, the style of living which he allows me"; I. i. 20.

COUNTER, worthless wager; originally pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning; II. vii. 63.

COURTSHIP, court life; III. ii. 375.

COUSIN, niece; I. iii. 48.

COVER, set the table; II. v. 32.

CROSS, used equivocally in the sense of (1) misfortune, and (2) money; the ancient penny had a double cross with a crest stamped on, so that it might easily be broken into four pieces; II. iv. 13.

CROW, laugh heartily; II. vii. 30.

COURTLE-AXE, a short sword; I. iii. 128.

DAMNABLE, worthy of condemnation; V. ii. 72.

DEFIED, disliked; Epil. 23.

DESPERATE, bold, daring, forbidden; V. iv. 32.

DEVICE, aims, ambitions; I. i. 187.

DIAL, an instrument for measuring time in which the hours were marked; a small portable sun-dial; II. vii. 20.

DISABLE, undervalue; IV. i. 37.

DISABLED, disparaged; V. iv. 82.

DISHONEST, immodest; V. iii. 4.

DISLIKE = express dislike of; V. iv. 74.

DISPUTABLE, fond of disputing; II. v. 36.

DIVERTED, diverted from its natural course; II. iii. 37.

DOG-APES, baboons; II. v. 27.

DOLE, grief; I. ii. 146.

DUCDAME, burden of Jaques' song, variously interpreted by editors, *e. g.* "*duc ad me*," "*hus ad me*," probably, however, the word is an ancient refrain, of Celtic origin; Halliwell notes that *dus-adam-me-me* occurs in a MS. of *Piers Plowman*, where ordinary texts read *How, trolly, lolly* (C. ix. 123); it is probably a survival of some old British game like "*Tom Tidler*," and is said to mean "in Gaelic 'this land is mine'; according to others it is a Welsh phrase equivalent to 'come to me.' Judging by all the evidence on the subject the Gaelic interpretation seems to be most plausible; *n. b.* l. 61, "to call fools into a circle"; II. v. 56.

DULCET DISEASES, [? an error for "dulcet discourses"] perhaps "sweet mortifications," alluding to such proverbial sayings as "fool's bolt is soon shot," &c.; V. iv. 69.

EAST, eastern; III. ii. 98.

EAT, eaten; II. vii. 88.

EFFIGIES, likeness; II. vii. 193.

ENCHANTINGLY, as if under a spell; I. i. 187.

ENGAGE, pledge; V. iv. 178.

ENTAME, bring into a state of tameness; III. v. 48.

ENTREATED, persuaded; I. ii. 167.

ERRING, wandering; III. ii. 143.

ESTATE, bequeath, settle; V. ii. 14.

ETHIOPE, black as an Ethiopian; IV. iii. 36.

EXEMPT, remote; II. i. 15.

EXPEDITIOUSLY, expeditiously; III. i. 18.

EXTENT, seizure; III. i. 17.

EXTERMINED, exterminated; III. v. 89.

FAIR, beauty; III. ii. 105.

FALLS, lets fall; III. v. 5.

FANCY, love; III. v. 29.

FANCY-MONGER, love-monger; III. ii. 394.

FANTASY, fancy; II. iv. 32.

FAVOR, aspect; IV. iii. 89; countenance; V. iv. 27.

FEATURE, shape, form; used perhaps equivocally, but with what particular force is not known; "feature" may have been used occasionally in the sense of "verse-making" (*cp.* Note); III. iii. 4.

FEED, pasturage; II. iv. 90.

FEEDER, servant ("factor" and "fedary" have been suggested); II. iv. 106.

FEELINGLY, by making itself felt; II. i. 11.

FELLS, woolly skins; III. ii. 57.

FLEET, make to fly; I. i. 130.

FLOUT, mock at, jeer at; I. ii. 52.

FOND, foolish; II. iii. 7.

FOR, for want of; II. iv. 81; II. vi. 2; because; III. ii. 139; as regards; IV. iii. 144.

FORKED HEADS, *i. e.* "fork-heads," which Ascham describes in his *Toxophilus* as being "arrows having two points stretching forward"; II. i. 24.

FORMAL, having due regard to dignity; II. vii. 155.

FREE, not guilty; II. vii. 85.

FREESTONE-COLOR'D, dark colored, of the color of Bath-brick; IV. iii. 26.

FURNISHED, apparelled; Epilogue 10.

GARGANTUA'S MOUTH; alluding to "the large-throated" giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, with their pilgrims' staves, in a salad; though there was no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet several chap-book histories of Gargantua were published; III. ii. 246.

GENTILITY, gentleness of birth; I. i. 24.

GESTURE, bearing; V. ii. 73.

GLANCES, hits; II. vii. 57.

GOD BUY YOU—"God be with you"; hence, "good-bye"; III. ii. 282.

GOD 'ILD YOU—"God yield (reward) you"; III. iii. 80.

GOD YE GOOD EVEN = God give you good even (often represented by some such form as "God-gigoden"); V. i. 16.

GOLDEN WORLD, golden age; I. i. 131.

"GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH"; alluding to the bush of ivy which was usually hung out at Vintners' doors; Epil. 3.

GOths (evidently pronounced very much like "goats," hence Touchstone's joke); the Getæ (or Goths) among whom Ovid lived in banishment; III. iii. 9.

GRACE, gain honor; I. i. 166.

GRACE ME, get me credit, good repute; V. ii. 68.

GRACIOUS, looked upon with favor; I. ii. 210.

GRAFF, graft; III. ii. 130.
GRAVELLED, stranded, at a standstill; IV. i. 80.

HARM, misfortunes; III. ii. 83.
HAVE WITH YOU, come along; I. ii. 285.

HAVING, possession; III. ii. 409.
HE = man; III. ii. 430.

HEADED, grown to a head; II. vii. 67.

HEART, affection, love; I. i. 189.

HERE MUCH, used ironically, in a negative sense, as in the modern phrase "much I care!"; IV. iii. 2.

HIM = he whom; I. i. 47.

HINDS, serfs, servants; I. i. 22.

HOLLA; "cry holla to"; restrain; III. ii. 267.

HOLY, sacramental; III. iv. 14.

HONEST, virtuous; I. ii. 44, 45.

HOOPING, "out of all hooping," beyond the bounds of wondering; III. ii. 208.

HUMOROUS, full of whims, capricious; I. ii. 295; II. iii. 8; fanciful; IV. i. 22.

HURLING, din, tumult; IV. iii. 136.

HYEN, hyena; IV. i. 168.

ILL-FAVORED, ugly in face, bad looking; V. iv. 60.

ILL-FAVOREDLY, ugly; I. ii. 45.

IMPRESSURE, impression; III. v. 23.

INCISION; "God make in." *i. e.* "give thee a better understanding"; a reference perhaps to the cure by blood-letting; it was said of a very silly person that he ought to be cut for the simples; III. ii. 78.

INCONTINENT, immediately; V. ii. 44.

INQUISITION, search, inquiry; II. ii. 20.

INSINUATE WITH, ingratiate myself with; Epil. 10.

INSOMUCH = in as much as; V. ii. 64.

INTENDMENT, intention; I. i. 148.

INVECTIVELY, bitterly, with invective; II. i. 58.

IRISH RAT; Irish witches were said to be able to rime either man or beast to death; berimed rats are frequently alluded to in Elizabethan writers; III. ii. 192.

IRKS, grieves; II. i. 22.

JARS, discordant sounds; II. vii. 5.

JUDAS'S; "browner than J."; he was usually represented in ancient painting or tapestry with red hair and beard; III. iv. 8.

JUNO'S SWANS, probably an error for Venus, represented as swan-drawn in Ovid (*Meta. x.* 708); I. iii. 83.

JUST, just so; III. ii. 290.

JUSTLY, exactly; I. ii. 270.

KIND, nature; IV. iii. 60.

KINDLE, enkindle, incite; I. i. 193.

KINDLED, brought forth; used technically for the littering of rabbits; III. ii. 369.

KNOLL'D, chimed; II. vii. 114.

LACK, do without; IV. i. 194.

LEARN, teach; I. ii. 6.

LEAVE, permission; I. i. 114; I. ii. 174.

LEER, countenance; IV. i. 73.

LIEF, gladly; I. i. 163; III. ii. 279.

LIMN'D, drawn; II. vii. 194.

LINED, drawn; III. ii. 102.

LIVELY = life-like; V. iv. 27.

Glossary

LOOSE, let loose; III. v. 103.
 LOVER, mistress; III. iv. 46.
 MAKE = make fast, shut; IV. i. 174.
 MANAGE, training or breaking in of a horse; I. i. 14.
 MANNISH, male; I. iii. 132.
 MATTER, sound sense; II. i. 68; sense, meaning; V. iii. 36.
 MEASURE, a court dance; V. iv. 45.
 MEED, reward; II. iii. 58.
 MEMORY, memorial; II. iii. 3.
 MIGHT, may; I. ii. 203.
 MINES, undermines; I. i. 23.
 MISPRISED, despised, thought nothing of; I. i. 191; I. ii. 201.
 MOCKABLE, liable to ridicule; III. ii. 51.
 MOCKS, mockeries; III. v. 33.
 MODERN, commonplace, ordinary; II. vii. 156; IV. i. 7.
 MOE, more; III. ii. 286.
 MOONISH, variable, fickle; III. ii. 445.
 MORAL, probably an adjective, moralizing; II. vii. 29.
 MORALIZE, discourse, expound; II. i. 44.
 MORTAL, "mortal in folly"; a quibble of doubtful meaning; perhaps = "excessive, very," *i. e.* "extremely foolish" (? = likely to succumb to folly); II. iv. 60.
 MOTLEY, the parti-colored dress of domestic fools or jesters; II. vii. 34; (used adjectively); II. vii. 13; fool; III. iii. 83.
 MUTTON, sheep; III. ii. 59.
 NAPKIN, handkerchief; IV. iii. 96.
 NATURAL, idiot; I. ii. 56.
 NATURE, "of such a nature," whose special duty it is; III. i. 16.

AS YOU LIKE IT

NATURE'S SALE-WORK = ready-made goods; III. v. 43.
 NAUGHT; "be n. awhile," a proverbial expression equivalent to "a mischief on you"; I. i. 40.
 NEEDLESS, not needing; II. i. 46.
 NEW-FANGLED, fond of what is new; IV. i. 164.
 NICE, trifling; IV. i. 16.
 NURTURE, good manners, breeding; II. vii. 97.
 OBSERVANCE, attention; III. ii. 257; reverence, respect; V. ii. 106-108; (the repetition is probably due to the compositor; "endurance," "obedience," "deservance," have been suggested for line 108).
 OCCASION; "her husband's o." = an opportunity for getting the better of her husband; IV. i. 189.
 OR, "searching of" = a-searching of; II. iv. 45; "complain of," *i. e.* of the want of; III. ii. 32; by; III. ii. 372; III. iii. 96.
 OFFER'ST FAIRLY, dost contribute largely; V. iv. 180.
 OLIVER; "O sweet O." the fragment of an old ballad; III. iii. 104.
 PAINTED CLOTH, canvas painted with figures, mottoes, or moral sentences, used for hangings for rooms; III. ii. 299.
 PANTALON, a standing character in the old Italian comedy; he wore slippers, spectacles, and a pouch, and invariably represented as an old dotard; taken typically for a Venetian; St. Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice; II. vii. 158.
 PARCELS, detail; III. v. 125.

PARD, leopard; II. vii. 150.
PARLOUS, perilous; III. ii. 46.
PASSING, surpassing, exceedingly; III. v. 138.
PATHETICAL, probably "affection-moving," perhaps used with the force of "pitiful"; IV. i. 208.
PAYMENT, punishment; I. i. 179.
PEASCOD, literally the husk or pod which contains the peas, used for the plant itself; "our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love-affairs to employ the divination of a peascod, and if the good omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, they presented it to the lady of their choice"; II. iv. 54.
PEEVISH, wayward, saucy; III. v. 110.
PERPEND, reflect; III. ii. 72.
PETITIONARY, imploring; III. ii. 204.
PHŒNIX; "as rare as p."; the phoenix, according to Seneca, was born once only in 500 years; IV. iii. 18.
PLACE = dwelling-place; II. iii. 27.
PLACES, topics, subjects; II. viii. 40.
POINT-DEVICE, *i. e.* at point device, trim, faultless; III. ii. 415.
POKE, pocket; II. vii. 20.
POOR; "p. a thousand crowns," the adjective precedes the article for the sake of emphasis, and probably also because of the substantial force of the whole expression "a thousand crowns"; I. i. 3.
PORTUGAL; "bay of P." "still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of

P. from Oporto to the head-land of Cintra"; IV. i. 228.
PRACTICE, plot, scheme; I. i. 167.
PRACTICES, plots, schemes; II. iii. 26.
PRESENT, being present; III. i. 4.
PRESENTATION, representation; V. iv. 118.
PRESENTLY, immediately; II. vi. 11.
PREVENTS, anticipates; IV. i. 67.
PRIZER, prize-fighter; II. iii. 8.
PRIVATE, particular, individual; II. vii. 7.
PRODIGAL; "what p. portion have I spent," *i. e.* "what portion have I prodigally spent"; I. i. 142.
PROFIT, proficiency; I. i. 7.
PROLOGUES; "the only p.," *i. e.* only the p.; V. iii. 13.
PROPER, handsome; I. ii. 136.
PROPERER, more handsome; III. v. 51.
PUISNY, unskilled, inferior; III. iv. 47.
PULPITER (Spedding's emendation for "Jupiter," the reading of the Folios); III. ii. 168.
PURCHASE, acquire; III. ii. 371.
PURGATION, vindication; I. iii. 61; proof, test; V. iv. 45.
PURLIEUS, the grounds on the borders of the forest; IV. iii. 79.
PYTHAGORAS' TIME, an allusion to that philosopher's doctrine of the transmigration of souls; III. ii. 192.
QUAIL, slacken; II. ii. 20.
QUESTION, conversation; III. iv. 38.
QUINTAIN, a figure set up for tilting at in country games, generally in the likeness of a Turk or Saracen, bearing a

- shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club with his right, which moved round and struck a severe blow if the horseman made a bad aim; I. ii. 279.
- QUINTESENCE, the extract from a thing, containing its virtues in a small quantity; originally, in medieval philosophy, the fifth essence, or spirit, or soul of the world, which consisted not of the four elements, but was a certain fifth, a thing above or beside them; III. ii. 152.
- QUIP, a smart saying; V. iv. 80.
- QUIT, acquit; III. i. 11.
- QUOTIDIAN, a fever, the paroxysms of which return every day, expressly mentioned in old writers as a symptom of love; III. ii. 396.
- RAGGED, rough, untuneful; II. v. 15.
- RANK, row, line; IV. iii. 82; "butter-women's rank" ["rate," "rack," "rant (at)," "canter," have been proposed]=file, order, jog-trot; III. ii. 108.
- RANKNESS, presumption; I. i. 96.
- RASCAL, technical term for lean deer; III. iii. 61.
- RAW, ignorant, inexperienced; III. ii. 79.
- REASON, talk, converse; I. ii. 59.
- RECKS, cares; II. iv. 88.
- RECOUNTMENTS, things recounted, narrations; IV. iii. 147.
- RECOVER'D, restored; IV. iii. 157.
- RELIGIOUS, belonging to some religious order; III. ii. 373.
- REMEMBRANCE, memory; I. i. 70.
- REMORSE, compassion; I. iii. 78.
- REMOVED, remote; III. ii. 371.
- RENDER, describe; IV. iii. 126.
- RESOLVE, solve; III. ii. 254.
- REVERENCE; "his reverence," the respect due to him; I. i. 56.
- RIGHT, downright; III. ii. 108; true; III. ii. 133.
- RIPE, grown up; IV. iii. 90.
- ROUNDLY, without delay; V. iii. 11.
- ROYNISH, rude, uncouth; II. ii. 8.
- SAD, serious; III. ii. 161.
- SAD BROW, serious face; III. ii. 234.
- SAWS, maxims; II. vii. 156.
- SCHOOL, (probably) university; I. i. 6.
- SCRIP, shepherd's pouch; III. ii. 176.
- SEEKS (used instead of the singular); V. i. 70.
- SEEMING, seemly; V. iv. 73.
- SE'NNIGHT=seven-night, a week; II. ii. 334.
- SENTENTIOUS, pithy; V. iv. 67.
- SHADOW, shady place; IV. i. 238.
- SHALL, must; I. i. 141.
- SHE, woman; III. ii. 10.
- SHEAF, gather into sheaves; III. ii. 118.
- SHOULD BE, came to be, was said to be; III. ii. 187.
- SHOULDST=wouldst; I. ii. 252.
- SHOW, appear; I. iii. 89.
- SHREWD, evil, harsh; V. iv. 186.
- SIMPLES, herbs used in medicine; IV. i. 18.
- SIR, a title bestowed on the inferior clergy, hence Sir Oliver Mar-text, the country curate; probably a translation of "Dominus," still applied to "Bachelors" at the University; III. iii. 44.
- SMIRCH, besmear, darken; I. iii. 122.

- SMOTHER**; "from the smoke into the s."; thick suffocating smoke; I. ii. 316.
- SNAKE**, used as a term of scorn; IV. iii. 72.
- So**, if, provided that; I. ii. 12.
- SORTS**, kinds, classes; I. i. 187.
- SOUTH-SEA OF DISCOVERY**, a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown ocean; the whole phrase is taken by some to mean that a minute's delay will bring so many questions that to answer them all will be like a voyage of discovery. Perhaps the reference is to Rosalind's discovery of her secret, of the truth about herself; III. ii. 212.
- SPEED**, patron; I. ii. 223.
- SPLEEN**, passion; IV. i. 233.
- SQUANDERING**, random; II. vii. 57.
- STAGGER**, hesitate; III. iii. 51.
- STAY**, wait for; III. ii. 227.
- STICKS**, strikes, stabs; I. ii. 268.
- STILL**, continually; I. ii. 251.
- STILL MUSIC**, *i. e.* soft, low, gentle music; V. iv. 119.
- STRAIGHT** = straightway, immediately; III. v. 136.
- SUCCESSFULLY**, likely to succeed; I. ii. 170.
- SUDDENLY**, quickly, speedily; II. ii. 19.
- SUIT**, used quibblingly, (1) petition, (2) dress; II. vii. 44.
- SUITS** = favors (with a play upon "suit," "livery"); I. ii. 272.
- SUN**, "to live i' the s." *i. e.* to live in open-air freedom; II. v. 41.
- SURE**, firmly joined; V. iv. 147.
- SWASHING**, swaggering; I. iii. 131.
- SWIFT**, keen of wit; V. iv. 66.
- TA'EN UP**, made up; V. iv. 50.
- TAXATION**, censure, satire; I. ii. 95.
- TEMPERED**, composed, blended; I. ii. 16.
- THATCHED HOUSE**, alluding to the story of Baucis and Philemon; III. iii. 11.
- THAT THAT** = that which; V. iv. 62.
- THOUGHT**, melancholy; or perhaps "moody reflection"; IV. i. 232.
- THRASONICAL**, boastful (from Thraso the boaster, in the *Eunuchus* of Terence); V. ii. 35.
- THRICE-CROWNED QUEEN**, ruling in heaven, earth, and the underworld, as Luna, Diana, and Hecate; III. ii. 2.
- THRIFTY**; "the th. hire I saved," *i. e.* "that which by my thrift I saved out of the hire"; II. iii. 39.
- To**, as to; II. iii. 7.
- TOUCHES**, characteristics; III. ii. 165.
- TOWARD**, at hand; V. iv. 35.
- TOY**, bagatelle, trifling affair; III. iii. 81.
- TRAVERSE**, crossways; III. iv. 45.
- TROW YOU**, know you; III. ii. 194.
- TURN'D INTO**, brought into; IV. iii. 24.
- UMBER**, brown pigment, brought from Umbria; I. iii. 122.
- UNCOUTH**, unknown, strange; II. vi. 6.
- UNEXPRESSIVE**, inexpressive, unable to be expressed; III. ii. 10.
- UNKIND**, unnatural; II. vii. 175.
- UNQUESTIONABLE**, unwilling to be conversed with; III. ii. 407.
- UNTO**, in addition to; I. ii. 263.
- UNTUNEABLE** (Theobald and other editors "untimeable," *cp.* the page's reply), out of tune, perhaps also "out of time"; V. iii. 37.

Glossary

UP; "kill them up"; used as an intensive particle; II. i. 62.

VELVET, delicate ("velvet" is the technical term for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of its growth); II. i. 50.

VENGEANCE, mischief; IV. iii. 49.

VILLAIN, bondman, serf; with play upon the other sense; I. i. 61.

VOICE, "in my voice," *i. e.* as far as my vote is concerned; II. iv. 94.

WARE, aware; II. iv. 61; cautious; II. iv. 62.

WARP, turn, change the aspect of, twist out of shape; II. vii. 187.

WAYS; "come your ways"=come on; I. ii. 231.

WEAK EVILS, evils which cause weakness; II. vii. 132.

WEAR, fashion; II. vii. 34.

WEARING, wearying; II. iv. 38.

AS YOU LIKE IT

WEEK, an indefinite period of time, perhaps="in the week," *cp.* the phrase "too late in the day"; II. iii. 74.

WHEREIN WENT HE, how was he dressed? III. ii. 241.

WHERE YOU ARE=what you mean; V. ii. 33.

WIT, WHITHER WILT; an exclamation of somewhat obscure meaning, used evidently when anyone was either talking nonsense or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him; IV. i. 179; *cp.* "Wit! whither wander you"; I. ii. 63.

WOEFUL, expressive of woe; II. vii. 148.

WOMAN OF THE WORLD, *i. e.* married; V. iii. 5.

WORKING, endeavor; I. ii. 225.

WRATH, passion, ardor; V. ii. 46.

WRESTLER (trissyllabic); II. ii. 13.

YOU=for you; II. v. 34.

YOUNG, inexperienced; I. i. 59.

